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*FE. Hawkins*

*B.C.S.*

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## Magazine Staff.

### Editor.

R. L. YOUNG, ESQ.



### Assistant Editors.

H. E. SISE, L. C. MONK.

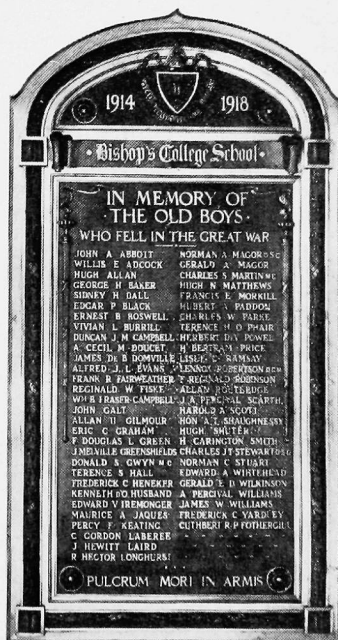


### Business Managers.

V. W. HARCOURT, G. N. MOSELEY.







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# School Officers 1922 - 3

## Prefects.

R. P. McCrea, C. L. Peters, G. N. Moseley, V. W. Harcourt, H. E. Sise, L. E. Baker.

## Dormitory Lieutenants.

H. B. Chauvin, J. A. Dale, D. G. McLeod, W. Hall, J. Casgrain, L. C. Monk.

## Cadet Corps.

Captain, H. B. Chauvin,

1st Lieutenant, R. P. McCrea, 2nd Lieutenant, G. N. Moseley.

## Recreation Committee.

President, The Headmaster, Vice-President, Mr. Wilkinson.

## Football.

Captain, C. L. Peters,  
Secretary, R. P. McCrea.

## Basketball.

Captain, V. W. Harcourt,  
Secretary, G. N. Moseley.

## Magazine.

Editor, Mr. Young; Asst. Editors, L. C. Monk, H. E. Sise.

Business Managers: G. N. Moseley, V. W. Harcourt.

## Library.

Librarian: L. E. Baker,

Asst. Librarian: H. Montgomery.

## Debating Society.

President, Mr. Young; Vice-President, G. N. Moseley; Secretary, V. W. Harcourt,

## Dramatic Society.

President, Mr. Young; Vice-President, W. Hall; Sec. C. M. Holt; Treas. H. E. Sise.

## Camera Club.

President, Mr. Shupe; Secretary, A. Dale.

## Track Club.

President, Mr. Hawkins; Captain, A. Dale; Secretary, V. W. Harcourt.

## Cup Committee.

G. C. Smith, W. O. Sharp, D. S. Neel.

## “Editorial”

**I**F more efficient institutions exist for the training of boys than those which have received the homage and unstinted praise of the whole intellectual world and which are known as “The Great Public Schools of England” we are not aware of their existence.

Bishop's College School claims the honour of being one of the pioneers of that system of School Life in Canada. The school was opened in Lennoxville for the sons of retired officers in 1837. And its various vicissitudes since that date, the long list of renowned scholars who have had charge of its destinies, together with its distinguished roll of old boys are matters of public knowledge.

This term a new chapter opens in the annals of B. C. S. The School which, twice burned down, and which twice, Phoenix like, arose out of its own ashes is now rewarded for its grit and tenacity; its old ‘habitat’ became too restricted, a larger sphere for its increasing activities, where it might grow to full maturity, became an imperative necessity. Thanks to the bounty of Mr. J. K. L. Ross we are now comfortably quartered in palatial school buildings, possessing nearly every facility for the working of an ideal school, in so far as it is attainable; here, indeed, B. C. S. may blossom into full flower.

Let us not forget the donor; everything has gone so smoothly, that we may feel inclined to take things too much as a matter of course, or to think that they were predestined as a reward for our undoubted merits. “*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*” Ingratitude is the unpardonable sin; one name will ever be remembered in the annals of B.C.S., and be handed down in the long, unbroken Chronicle told in Common Room, Prefects' Room and Class Room as long as B.C.S. is a school. Therefore—

Bless and praise we famous men,  
Men of little showing;  
For their work continueth  
Far and wide continueth,  
Broad and deep continueth  
Great beyond their knowing.

We expect to find changes at the beginning of a new School year, but this year it has been more clearly demonstrated than ever that even our microcosm can never stand still. There are two changes in the staff: we miss two familiar faces; we miss two true friends. In losing Mr. Montizambert and Mr. Butler, B.C.S. loses two notable teachers; their services to the school will always be gratefully remembered by B.C.S. boys, and are too well known to need any eulogy here. Suffice it that we put on record an appreciation, however brief and inadequate, which is the possession of all boys and masters of the school. They stand in our records for all that we venerate and strive for; loyalty, honour, strenuousness, and faithfulness in friendship.

As regards the present outlook and spirit of the school, a word is necessary. Our task is a pleasant one—our only fear is that what we feel compelled to recognize may be taken as a cheap advertisement—A delightful “*esprit-de-corps*” prevails: from the lowest boy to the most senior Prefect, boys are jealous of the fair fame of B.C.S. and, pardonable offences aside, no boy would commit the purple sin of staining its prestige. On arriving here this term many boys cried, ‘Ichabod!’ for them the glory had departed, they missed old haunts and associations; old days spent in the old school seemed to them a sort of golden age; now those very boys are as

ready to cry, 'Shamah!' and realize that ideal school life is possible here, if anywhere, and it is only a negligible minority who think otherwise and we love them about as much as we love cold toast; however, to be quite fair we do not think that it exists at all in reality but only as an attitude. When difficulties arise which are the despair of the coward and the opportunity of the pessimist, when something has to be remedied, B.C.S. boys see that it is done, and do not sulk or sit down and fold their arms helplessly, as boys of lesser clay might do, but have always acted on the principle that desperate diseases require desperate remedies—we have not always been on their side. The current of life in B.C.S. is not a shrinking current, lower in the middle, as in a river where the débris gathers to the centre, but a swelling current of life which purifies itself like a swelling river with a rising tide which throws all the débris and driftwood to the banks.

The same spirit, alas! obtains as regards punishment and as we saw more than one culprit proceeding to his execution irresistibly the old lines:

Sae rantingly, Sae wantonly  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he:  
 He played a spring and danced it round  
 Below the gallows tree.

occurred to us, and so it was meant that boys alive should live—

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover,  
 Breath's a ware that will not keep;  
 Up, lad: when the journey's over  
 There'll be time enough to sleep.

This spirit intensified obtains in games, and as we stood watching some of these, we heard more than one admirer remark that one B.C.S. boy had more pluck than a whole pack of his opponents: and we, who have seen boys on crutches for a week, between two games and up to an hour before the game, throw away their crutches and play a strenuous game—a school of one hundred has not substitutes like one of several hundreds—and when badly hurt and in a semi-conscious state refuse to give up the game and assail those who forcibly led them off (and incidentally our editorial ears), are forced to admit that rarely have we seen boys with such viscera either in the new world or in the old.

As regards the scholastic aspect, all the boys in the sixth form (i.e., all possibles) passed either into McGill University or the Royal Military College, more boys passing into R.M.C. from B.C.S. than from any other school. The McGill matriculation list shows that the only two boys who by passing in the thirteen requisite papers qualified to enter the Faculty of Arts and also the Faculty of Applied Science are B.C.S. boys. These facts speak for themselves. As regards the future the utmost is being done with the material, and we are optimistic.

And so what most boys will admit to be a delightful term draws to a close. It has been marked by ceaseless activity, in almost every possible branch of School life; boys have backed up ungrudgingly and unstintingly every movement that has been started and given gratifying encouragement to the promoters. These activities have not, in any way encroached on school time and work. Most boys can look back on an honest term's work and regard the term as a period of advancement; others can proudly couple with that a period of strenuousness in sport, crowned with almost unprecedented success; others again, will ever remember the adulation they received when, as lords of language (in embryo) wit flashed from their fluent lips in the appreciative and enthusiastic atmosphere of the Debating Society, and still others, that crowded hour of glorious life when, before the footlights, having donned the buskin, they displayed their



histrionic abilities to a packed and delighted house (quite ignorant of the largesse which they were to receive).

Often could we have bid time to tarry, often could we have said to the passing moment "Abide, thou art so fair!" We especially remember a visit paid to "Robin Hood" hut which claims to be the highest of its kind in existence where we were regaled to our hearts' content with dainty dishes (sic) after which, sitting on the roof we listened to the merry men making the welkin resound with music, song and laughter; and another occasion, when having been informed that choice hampers filled with *recherché* dishes had arrived from Quebec and were on their way to "Under the Greenwood Tree" hut, we surreptitiously chanced to be in the neighbourhood of that famous hut and secured an invitation: here we particularly admired the fine log ceiling disclosing the exquisite antique knot-work. A former occupant with bourgeois tastes, covered this artistic work with wall-paper, an act of vandalism which was forcibly deprecated by the actual aristocratic owners.

For our part, WE, gathered around the editorial table, can recall many priceless bits of exquisite humor which, we would, but may not, permit you to share and through which we uncompromisingly drew our alizarin editorial pencils.

We wish you, dear reader, a Merry Xmas and a bright New Year; may the Blue Birds sing all along your way.

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### Fortune.

The woods are green round Lennoxville  
Beneath the blue of day;  
Where summer beckons from the Hill,  
And fortune points the way.

Young Fortune stands by sunny ways  
Delightful smiling, free  
With summer flowers and golden hours  
She waits for me, she waits for me.

Could all my hours be counted?  
Would all my dreams be true?  
Will all my friends prove faithful  
And all be true, true blue.

Young Fortune stands by sunny ways,  
Inviting, luring, see!  
With lavish showers of morning hours  
She beckons me, she beckons me.

With gracious mien she speaks to me  
As summer gowned she stands:  
You shall be beautiful and strong  
In this, or other lands!

As Fortune speaks by sunny ways  
"To be or not to be"  
With wealth of powers and golden hours  
What shall I do? She beckons me.



## School Notes.

At the beginning of the term we missed the familiar sound of the bell in the turret of the old building, and had to rely upon electric bells rung in the class rooms and a hand-bell rung on the school steps. But it is no longer possible for a boy to excuse himself for being late to roll or to class; for an Old Boy, who wishes to be anonymous, has presented the School with a large bronze bell which is now fixed on the roof of the main building. As it swings in its lofty position it is heard not by the inhabitants of the School only, but by our neighbours along the St. Francis Valley.

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Mr. Grant Hall, Chairman of our Directors, has very kindly promised to present a medal to the member of the School Debating Society whose speeches are proclaimed by popular vote to have been the best of those delivered in the debates held during the year.

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Mr. Geo. McCrea, who was Captain of the Cadet Corps last year, offers a cup for rifle-shooting. We very much appreciate the encouragement which is thus given to our marksmen.

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We extend our heartiest congratulations to the members of last years sixth Form, all of whom succeeded in getting into college.

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Everybody seems very happy in the new buildings and all is going smoothly.

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We congratulate Mr. Moore and Mr. O'Donnell on the great success of the Football team which was due to their continuous help and interest.

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This year it has greatly pleased us to welcome to the school as new masters, Mr. F. Shupe and Mr. H. Hawkins and we sincerely hope that they will pay the school a long visit.

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We give a hearty vote of thanks to Commander J. K. L. Ross, an old boy of the school for his very kind gift to the school of a motion picture machine. Many happy evenings have been spent by the boys through his kindness.

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### Obituary.

Those of our Readers who knew the School between the years 1903 and 1916 will hear with deep regret of Miss Florence Noad Jeffery's sudden death in Ottawa on Nov. 21st. It was during Dr. Bidwell's first year as Headmaster that Miss Jeffery was appointed matron, and she remained here for six years under Mr. Williams' regime. Old boys will remember with gratitude the unceasing interest which she took in their welfare; while those who were in any way associated with her in her work will never forget her untiring energy and the efficiency with which her duties were always performed.

It is little more than a year since we heard of the death of Miss Jeffery's sister, Mrs. Holt, who as Matron of the Preparatory School won the hearts of several generations of Prep. boys.

## “Halete”

- G. W. McCrea. Came Sept. 1915. VI Form. Head Prefect. Senior Football Team. Basketball Team. Tuck Shop Committee. Captain of School Cadet Corps. McGill University.
- W. W. Ogilvie—Came Sept. 1918. VI Form. Prefect. Senior Football Team. Cricket IX. Officer in Cadet Corps. Tuck Shop Committee. Royal Military College, Kingston.
- H. C. MacDougall—Came Sept. 1918. VI Form. Prefect. Senior Football Team. Senior Hockey Team. Captain Cricket IX. Officer in School Cadet Corps. Tuck Shop Committee. Royal Military College, Kingston.
- T. H. Lines—Came Sept. 1920. VI Form. Prefect. Captain II Football Team. Winner of Greenshields Scholarship and Governor General's Medal. University of Toronto.
- G. H. Napier—Came Sept. 1918. V Form. Prefect. Captain of Senior Football and Basketball Teams. Tuck Shop Committee. Band-Sergt. in School Cadet Corps. All-around Championship 1921-22. Winner of Senior Gymnastic Competition and Senior Cross Country Run. Senior Hockey and Cricket Teams.
- R. Mackay—Came Sept. 1918. VI Form. Dormitory Lieutenant. Royal Military College, Kingston.
- M. C. Holt—Came Sept. 1917. VI Form. Dormitory Lieutenant. Royal Military College, Kingston.
- C. A. Rogers—Came Sept. 1918. VI Form. Dormitory Lieutenant. Second Football Team. Senior Basketball Team. Captain Second Hockey Team. Second Cricket Team. Royal Military College, Kingston.
- J. N. D'Arcy—Came Sept. 1918. VI Form. Winner of Officers Cup for Best Shot in School Cadet Corps. University of McGill.
- P. Bail—Came Sept. 1920. III Form.
- P. Black—Came Sept. 1920. V Form. Second Team Football. Second Team Basketball.
- H. Wheeler—Came Sept. 1920. IV Form. Second Team Football. Second Team Hockey.

## "Salute"

**FORM IV.**

E. D. Glassco  
W. J. M. Hanna

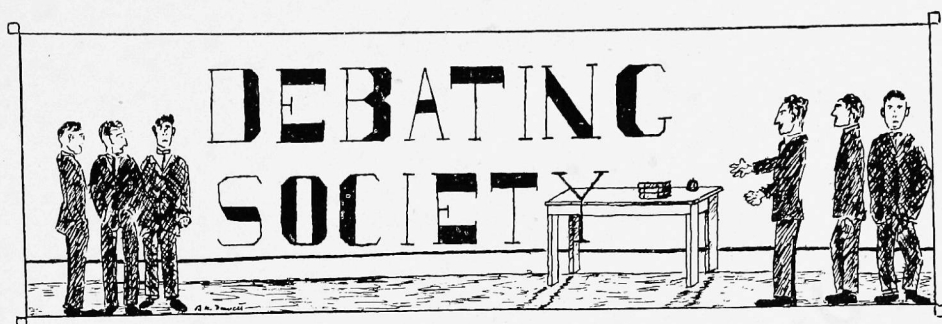
**FORM IIIA.**

G. H. Balfour  
B. H. Fawcett  
G. W. Hall  
D. L. Luther  
R. R. MacDougall  
A. W. Mackenzie  
H. T. Markey  
B. I. McGreevy  
J. S. Meagher  
R. M. Taylor

**FORM IIIB.**

R. G. Aitchison  
G. E. Auld  
N. V. Bancroft  
A. Breakey  
J. L. Carsley  
W. H. Cox  
H. G. Greig  
R. A. Montgomery  
J. H. Patton  
W. B. Rhett  
C. R. G. Short  
W. R. Stevenson





THE opening meeting of Bishop's College School Debating Society was held in the Senior Library on Saturday, October 14th, 1922. Mr. Young in the chair.

In a brief inaugural address the Chairman congratulated the Society on having such a large muster and expressed the hope that it would continue to flourish when the present members had found a wider field for their oratorical powers. He furthermore impressed very strongly on the members, the desirability of getting on their feet and saying something; after that initial effort, to say something more intelligent the next time: and then to prepare carefully their speeches in order to avoid hesitancy, and to produce readiness and quickness, to secure which there is nothing better than a rough and tumble debate.

The motion before the House was: "That this Society is of the opinion that school life in the New Building is pleasanter than in the old".

Sise I opened the debate for the affirmative and was followed by Harcourt speaking for the negative.

Twenty-one members having spoken some causing much amusement, others speaking with the ability and eloquence of old debaters, Smith I bringing the house down by declaring that, though he never washed himself he thought the bathing accommodation hopelessly inadequate, and the Chairman having put the motion to the House, declared it carried. Moseley called for a division, and a count having been made, the Chairman declared the motion lost by seven votes; the debate was declared closed and an interval of two minutes elapsed before "Private Business" at which the Society's officers were elected:— the voters choosing:—

Vice President —	Moseley
Secretary —	Harcourt
Treasurer —	Peters

Following this the Chairman proposed that a poet-laureate should be elected; this was carried unanimously: voting followed and Hall was duly elected, after which the meeting adjourned.

The second meeting of Bishop's College School Debating Society was held on Oct. 28th, 1922 and the subject of debate was: "That this Society is of the opinion that boarding school life is far superior to day school life!" Mr. Young in the chair. Montgomery opened the debate for the affirmative and Sise I followed for the negative. On account of there having been two football matches on the morning of the above date only nine members spoke.

The debate was closed and the chairman declared for the affirmative. Sise I called for a division. The ayes then proceeded to the right of the chair and the noes to the left.

The votes resulted in a victory for the affirmative. During private business the chairman proposed that at the termination of each meeting marks should be given by each member for each speaker, and hoped that some friend of the school would present a medal to the speaker scoring the most marks at the end of each session.

This was carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

The third meeting of Bishop's College School Debating Society was held on Nov. 5th, 1922. Mr. Young in the chair. Subject set for debate :- "That the Society is of the opinion that Fagging is desirable at schools." Moseley opened the debate for the affirmative followed by Harcourt for the negative.

Dale spoke well for the negative : Moseley concluded the debate for the affirmative and the chairman declared the debate for the affirmative.

Hall called for a division. The ayes and noes then proceeded to the right and left of the chair, and the result was a victory for the affirmative by seven votes.

The chairman then gave a short speech and said he considered that the debate of the evening had been the best so far. He said that the school tradition was improving everyday; that fagging in schools gave younger boys ambition to rise in the school and that school tradition will see to it that fagging is not abused, and also public opinion : that fagging obtains in every school in some form, and it is better to have it recognized.

As regards bullying he said, that it obtained chiefly among boys who had not yet risen to have their own fags and that boys who had fags prevented others from bullying them.

A meeting of B.C.S.D.S. was held in the senior reading room on Saturday, Nov. 18th. The subject for debate was "That this Society is of the opinion that Moving pictures are desirable in schools."

Dale opened the debate for the affirmative and in an able speech maintained that good moving pictures developed the mind.

Holt replied for the negative and in the course of a brilliant speech declared that most moving pictures were unfit to be shown to school boys, and that furthermore they kept boys up too late.

Roy continuing, with prompt repartee declared that he quite agreed that little boys like Holt should not be kept up late.

Moseley spoke with his usual excellent command of language, and speaking against a point made by the affirmative remarked :- "I wonder how many pictures will come here that will teach us Geography or French."

Sise I with his usual nonchalance observed: "It is great fun trying to piece the film together."

Neel I spoke ably in his usual serious vein.

Hall, at the end of one of his usual brilliant speeches, answering a point made by the affirmative, created a furore by declaring that the only *French* one learned from moving pictures was the word "finis" at the end. (Much to the President's consternation, who teaches him French.)

Casgrain pointed out that pictures in Quebec could not be immoral on account of the effective censorship.

Sommer followed and his speech added considerably to the success of the



the debate. During the course of a very powerful speech by Montgomery, exception was taken, by the President, to an observation he made, as a sneer at the school. This, however, was effectively proved by Montgomery not to be the case.

Smith I created a sensation as usual. Sharp spoke next and was followed by Glassford, who made an excellent maiden speech, and Davis II and Maclaren, who in very good maidens added considerably to the debate. Patton I and Baker also spoke. At the request of Montgomery standing orders were suspended and he and Smith I spoke a second time, Smith being fined for chewing gum, and he was also guilty of a second offense in not addressing the Society.

Standing orders having been resumed, the openers summing up for their respective sides brought the debate to a close. The motion was then put to the house and the President declared in favour of the Noes. A division was called for and the Ayes and Noes proceeded respectively to the right and left of the chair, the tellers showing that the Ayes won by a considerable majority.

The meeting was adjourned and the House proceeded to private business.

A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the senior library on Dec. 2nd, 1922. The subject of debate was "That this society is of the opinion that Professionalism in sports is to be deplored."

Sise I. opened for the affirmative making a very good speech. Moseley followed making a fine speech and scoring many points for the negative. Baker following for the affirmative said that promising careers are forfeited by college students because of high offers from clubs. Following this Dale spoke well for the negative. Harcourt following said: "Professionals have no regard for honour or tradition; their only object is to win." "Why should'nt a man who can't make his living any other way, make it by becoming a Professional" said Hall speaking for the negative. "Professional sports provide 'copy' for the newspapers" said Holt I. speaking for the negative. Sommer created much amusement by his speech for the negative and was followed by Neel I. speaking for the affirmative. Montgomery following in a stirring speech brought forward many points in favor of Professionalism.

Following this Patton spoke for the affirmative and Glassford continued also for the affirmative. Moseley closed for the negative in a masterly treatment of the subject. He said "Last year eighteen boys were killed in the United States playing school football matches." Sise I. closed for the affirmative cleverly summing up.

The chairman declared the debate for the affirmative, a division was called for: the Ayes and Noes then proceeded to the right and left respectively. The result was a victory for the affirmative by a small margin.

The chairman made a short speech and brought forward many points against professionalism which the speakers for the affirmative had overlooked. The meeting then proceeded to private business. The treasurer Peters having tendered his resignation and the resignation having been accepted votes were cast for a new treasurer and Baker was duly elected. The chairman in the name of the Society thanked Peters for his services to the Society. The meeting was then adjourned.

A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the senior reading room on Saturday evening Dec. 9th, 1922. The subject for debate being; "That this Society is of the opinion



that the room system in schools is preferable to the dormitory system." Montgomery I opened the debate for the affirmative speaking eloquently, but wandering a little from the subject; followed by Harcourt opening effectively for the negative. Casgrain followed speaking excellently for the affirmative.

Patton continued for the negative, followed by Smith I for the affirmative, who was in his usual witty vein. Speaking well, Glassford continued for the negative followed by Hall for the affirmative who said "....." — the censor has been busy here.—

Holt spoke next for the negative scoring some good points for his side, followed by Roy for the affirmative. Roy said that a fellow didn't have much chance if he opened a box of candy in a dormitory. Sharp followed, speaking for the negative. He made a very clever speech. Sommer followed making a short speech for the affirmative. Ogilvie continued for the negative. He said that a fellow could not talk in a dormitory because the head boy and prefect always stopped it immediately. Campbell followed for the negative in an excellent maiden and Sise II continued speaking for the affirmative, making a good maiden. Starke amid thunderous applause contributed a laughing mate maiden. Having resumed his seat he was forced to his feet once more, and made quite a good speech. We are unable to say which side he spoke on. Harcourt then closed for the negative exhausting the whole gamut of possible points for his side, followed by Montgomery closing for the affirmative. Montgomery spoke very cleverly summing up all the points for his side.

The chairman declared the debate to be a victory for the negative. Smith I. called for a division; the Ayes and Noes then proceeded to the right and left of the chair respectively. The tellers showed the result to be a victory for the affirmative by a margin of two votes.

The chairman then gave a short speech emphasizing strongly that the room system would introduce a new element into the school which was contrary to the essentially democratic one which now prevails; that some boys would have rooms much better furnished than others, because their parents were a little wealthier.

The subject for debate at the Society's first meeting next term will be: "Resolved that Free Trade should exist between Canada and the United States."

Features of next Term's debates will be a:

Hat Night.

Mock Trial.

President's Night.



## “Thanksgiving Day”

The day was an excellent one, the weather delightful. The excitement started when the old boys commenced to appear on the premises, and about nine-thirty the school was literally packed with parents and old boys.

About eleven o'clock the crowds began to assemble on the school campus to watch the annual old-boys game which is always played on Thanksgiving Day. The game was a fast one and afforded much excitement to the spectators present. After a hard fought battle the school came out on top with a score of four to one.

After the football match dinner was served in the dining hall, the time between dinner and prize giving was spent in looking over the new buildings.

At three-thirty the throng collected in the assembly hall to witness the prize-giving which had been postponed till this suitable occasion. Several speeches were made; among them, those of Mr. Grant Hall, Mr. Smith the Headmaster, and Senator Casgrain were the most prominent.

Arrangements were made for a short dance from then until supper. After supper the boys of the Dramatic Society staged a most interesting and successful little play, ably conducted by Mr. Young. This play afforded a most pleasant ending to a perfect day.

### Prize List.

#### Upper School.

Governor General's Medal,	T. H. Lines
Lieutenant Governor's "	J. N. D'Arcy
The Pattee Shield -	T. H. Lines
The Mitchell Medal	H. C. MacDougall, Jr.
Old Boys' Prize -	T. H. Lines
The Irving Prize -	A. K. Glassford
The Mrs. Ready Prize	J. F. Acer
Prize for Music -	C. A. Rogers
Divinity Prizes	
Form IV -	C. M. Holt
Form IIIA -	H. V. Duggan
Form IIIB -	R. Campbell
French Prizes	
Form VI -	W. W. Ogilvie
" V -	P. Roy
" IV -	H. W. Davis
" IIIA -	C. W. Monk
Mathematical Prize	J. R. Stewart
English Literature Prize	M. C. Holt
Science Prizes	
First -	M. C. Holt
Second -	H. E. Sise
Latin Prizes	
VI -	T. H. Lines
V -	J. V. Casgrain
IV -	C. M. Holt
IIIA -	G. B. Richardson
IIIB -	N. T. Neel

#### Special Essay Prize pre-

sented by Mrs. C. M. Holt C. M. Holt

#### Form Prizes

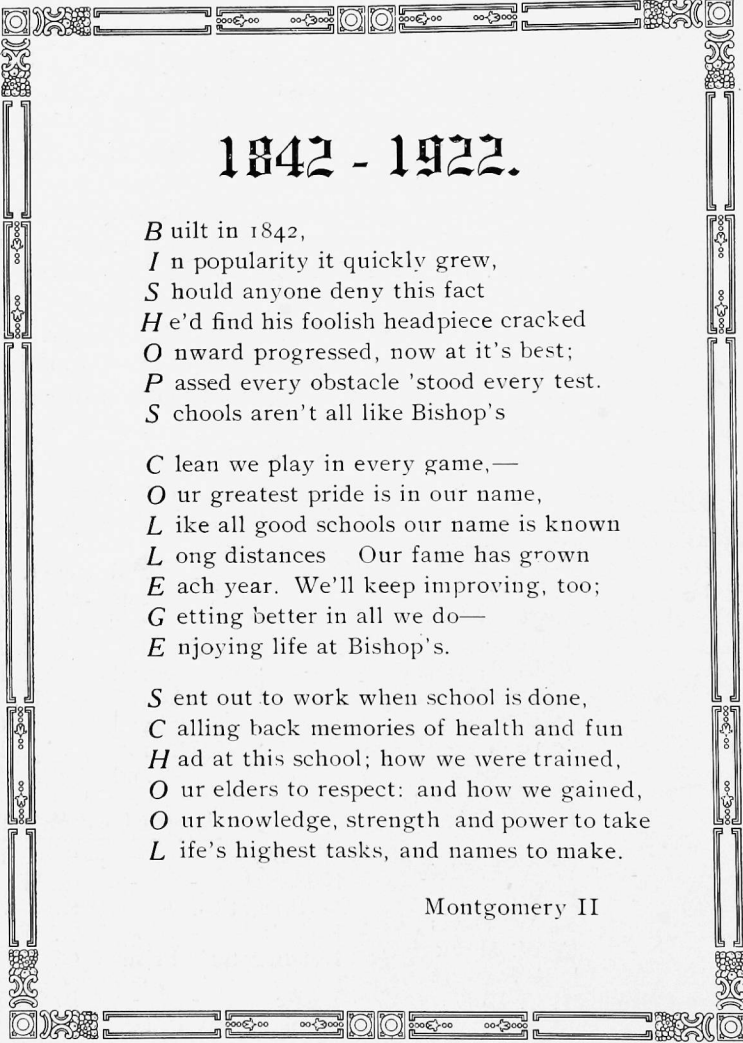
Form VI	2nd	J. N. D'Arcy
" V	1st	J. V. Casgrain
"	2nd	H. E. Sise
" IV	1st	C. M. Holt
"	2nd	A. K. Glassford
" IIIA	1st	H. V. Duggan
"	2nd	R. G. C. Smith
" IIIB	1st	R. M. Campbell
"	2nd	A. P. Baile

#### Preparatory School.

Divinity -	B. H. Fawcett
Latin -	G. W. Hall
Mathematics -	R. R. MacDougall
French -	G. W. Hall
Headmaster's Prize	G. W. Hall
Music -	B. H. Fawcett
Special Essay Prize	
presented by Mrs. C. M. Holt	G. H. Balfour

#### Form Prizes

Remove -	G. W. Hall
Form IIA -	H. L. Hall
" IIB -	J. H. Patton
" I -	W. Pugsley

A decorative rectangular border with ornate corner pieces and repeating geometric patterns along the sides, enclosing the central text.

## 1842 - 1922.

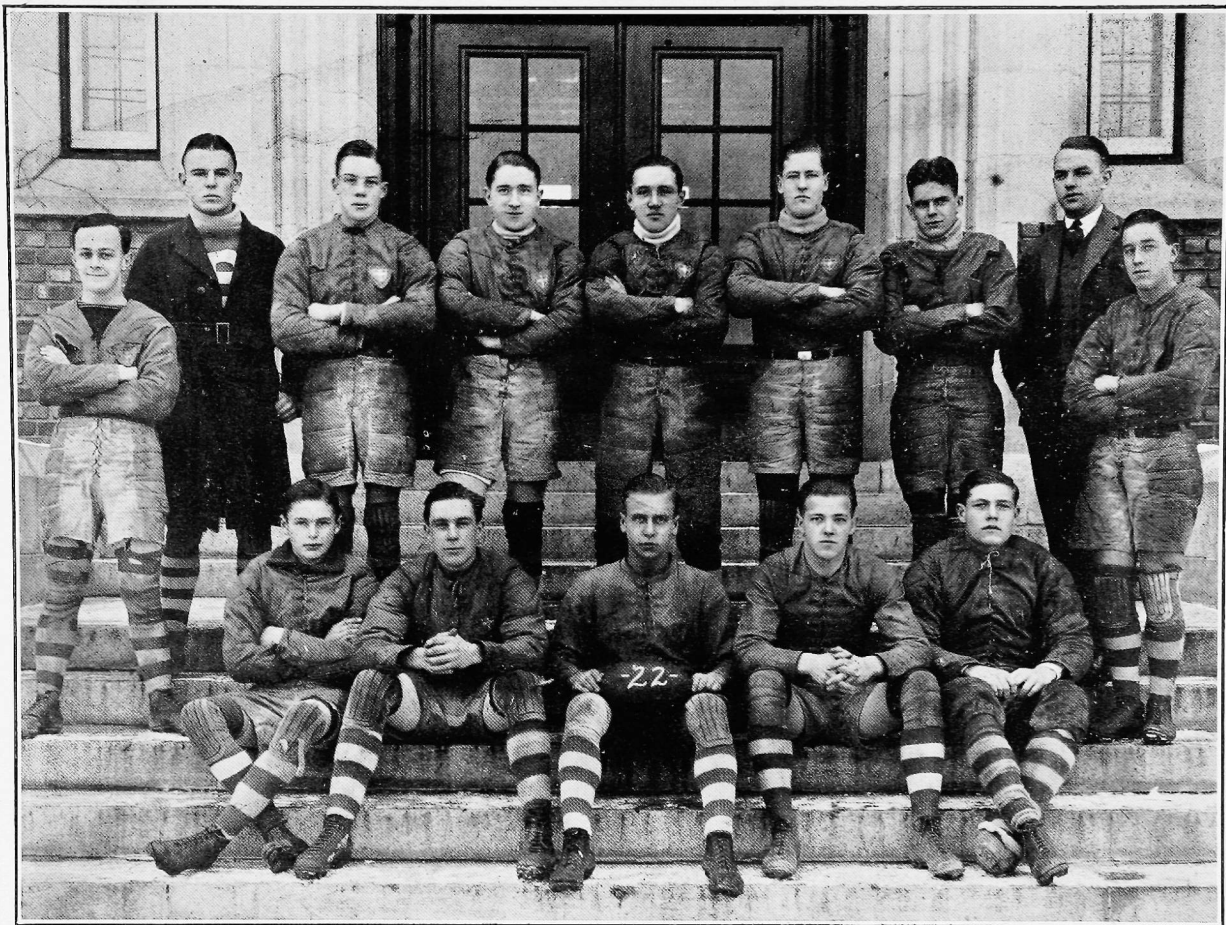
*B*uilt in 1842,  
*I*n popularity it quickly grew,  
*S*hould anyone deny this fact  
*H*e'd find his foolish headpiece cracked  
*O*nward progressed, now at it's best;  
*P*assed every obstacle 'stood every test.  
*S*chools aren't all like Bishop's

*C*lean we play in every game,—  
*O*ur greatest pride is in our name,  
*L*ike all good schools our name is known  
*L*ong distances Our fame has grown  
*E*ach year. We'll keep improving, too;  
*G*etting better in all we do—  
*E*njoying life at Bishop's.

*S*ent out to work when school is done,  
*C*alling back memories of health and fun  
*H*ad at this school; how we were trained,  
*O*ur elders to respect: and how we gained,  
*O*ur knowledge, strength and power to take  
*L*ife's highest tasks, and names to make.

Montgomery II









# FOOTBALL

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## Personnel of the Senior Team.

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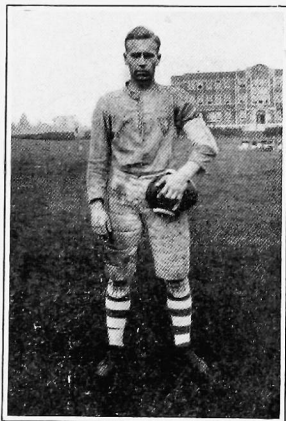
In sketching the characters of the players on the Football Team this year, in so far as actual playing ability and endeavour is concerned, it would be an impossible task to attempt to place the members of the squad in order of merit, as is more or less the custom. This is due to the fact that there is only one first place and to it, each and every member of the team is fully entitled.

The B.C.S. Senior XII this year was a veritable team and not merely a group of twelve individuals. In that team the individual player, as such, was not to be found. He formed a necessary and essential part of a well working team, the key-note of which, was harmony of endeavour and unity of interest. Each player fulfilled the requirements of the position which it was his honour and privilege to hold, most satisfactorily and to the delight of all who were interested.

For the above mentioned reasons the sketches have been made in the order of the regular line-up - not according to seniority or supposedly superior ability, which prejudices, sometimes annoying and detrimental, were forgotten by all during the entire playing season.

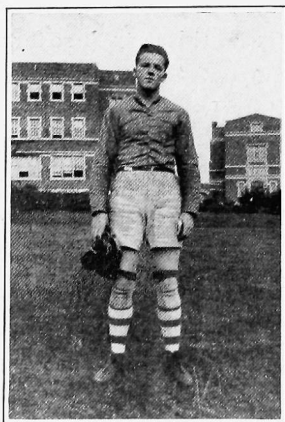


The members of The Team are as follows :



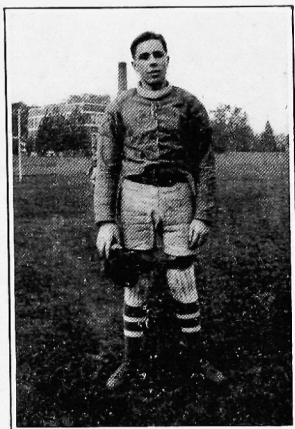
"PETE"

**Peters** Captain and Centre Half. Played the position of "kicking half" very well. Besides being a good drop-kicker and punter, he is a very sure catch and fine runner in an open field. Experienced—3rd year on the team—and solves the sudden and practical problems of football very well. An energetic Captain.

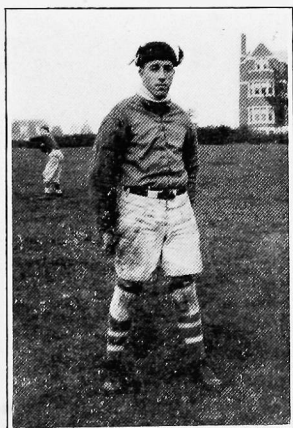


"RED"

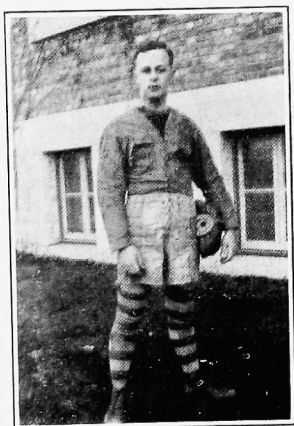
**McCrack** Left Half. This is his second year as half-back and his third year on the team. He is an exceedingly good line plunger and in this department of the game might stand comparison with the best of our opponents. Might have shown slightly more enthusiasm at practices. Plays well defensively.

**"DOUG"**

**Duggan** Right Half, is also a good line plunger and is a useful man on end runs, where he frequently worked well as the ball carrier, making good gains. Never relaxed his efforts; always a willing worker.

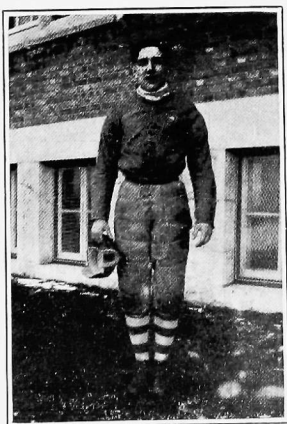
**"ELSIE"**

**Monk** Quarter-Back. One of the most consistent players on the team. Showed very good judgment throughout the season when directing plays. Although light he is a good ground gainer, being fast and tricky. One of the nicest tacklers on the team. A player who plays the game with the true sporting spirit at all times.



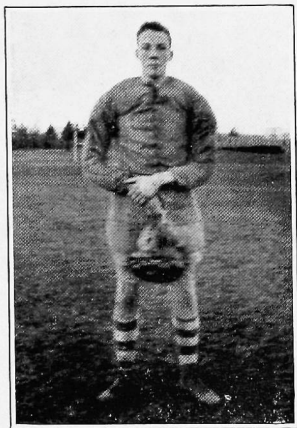
"MITT"

**Roseley** Flying wing. "Mitt" has held this position during the last two seasons. An alert player who seems to diagnose his opponents' play very well and can always be depended upon to do his share of the tackling. He is a valuable man when clearing for end runs and thoroughly understands the value of legitimate interference.



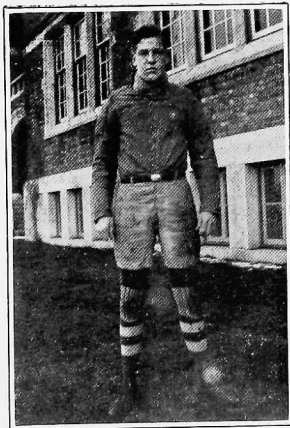
"BILL"

**Hall** Snapper—"Bill" was on the third team last year. He is a very sure passer, having made few errors, even under most adverse conditions, in bad weather and when seriously injured. Was a very useful defensive player.



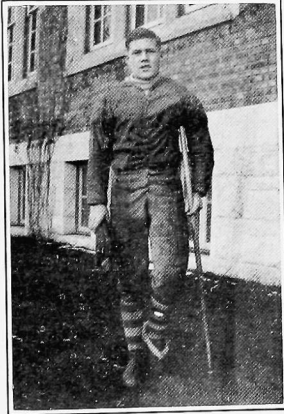
"JOHNNIE"

**McLeod** Inside. This player was shifted from the outside position where he played last year, to inside on account of the scarcity of line players. He was most aggressive in his new position and was constantly breaking through opposing wing lines, when his tackling abilities were frequently demonstrated. One of the best defensive players on "The Team."



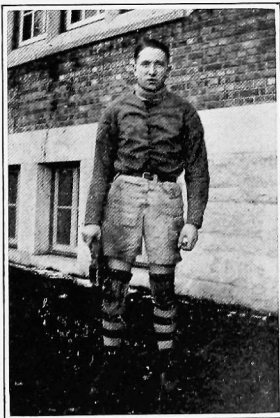
"ALLAN"

**Dale** Inside. Played as outside on Second Team last year. Fully justified the move from outside to inside, as did McLeod. He was a hard worker and should be among the best of next year's team.



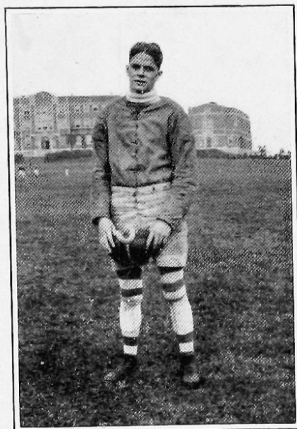
"WILT"

**Harcourt** Middle. "Wilt" played on last year's squad in the same position. He is a good ball carrier, frequently making long gains; an exceptionally fine line man, when clearing and holding abilities being considered. His weight and condition make him one of the most important links in a good line. He was a constant annoyance to his opponents in that he would frequently break through and stop plays before they were well started. Very hard worker.



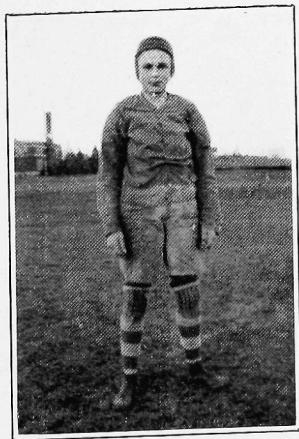
"LOUIS"

**Rog** Middle. A very much improved player as compared with last year's form. Cleared well and held his portion of the line consistently. Could be counted upon for gains when carrying the ball.



"BUN"

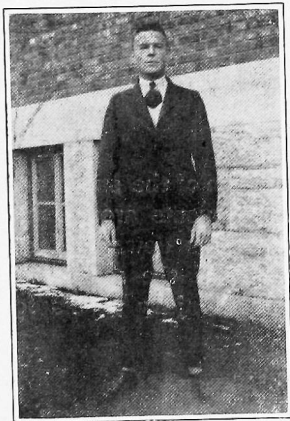
**Chauvin** Outside. Harry is one of the surest tacklers on the team and the gains by opponents around his end of the line were very rare. Follows down under kicks fast. During the greater part of the season he was playing at a handicap owing to an injury to his foot in one of the early practices.



"DOUGHY"

**Baker** Outside. Perhaps the smallest player on the team but one, who, more than makes up for this deficiency in a football-player, by his pluck, ability and constant endeavour. He is a very hard and sure tackler and, with Chauvin, the pair filled the positions of Outside Wings admirably.





**R. J. Moore, Esq.**  
(COACH)



**H. E. O'Donnell, Esq.**  
(ASS'T COACH)



*"THAT FIRST TEAM FEELING."*

**B.C.S. vs S.H.S****at Lennoxville**


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 RESULT: S.H.S. - 0, B.C.S. - 51.
 

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The first game of the season—against Sherbrooke High School—was played under the most depressing conditions, on the 18th of October. It was bitterly cold, the first snow had fallen, and the wind was blowing half a gale.

The ground was slippery and treacherous, and in consequence there were several fumbles.

Peters went over for the first touch, at the beginning of the first quarter, but the convert failed. Harcourt must be congratulated on making three touchdowns on left middle round right end plays from about centre field.

The most spectacular part of the game was at the beginning of the second quarter, when Peters caught a kick on the twenty-five yard line and ran through their entire team for a touch. McCrea made three good bucks ending in touchdowns, also Roy made one from centre field.

Out of the nine converts kicked by Peters, six were successful making the score 51-0 for B.C.S.

It is regretted that Chauvin hurt his ankle at the beginning of the first quarter, and was unable to play for the remainder of the game.

The line-up was as follows :

S. H. S.		B. C. S.
Rowell	Flying Wing	Moseley
Loomis	Half	Peters (Capt)
Cross	"	McCrea
Brice	"	Duggan
McCaw	Quarter	Monk
Banks	Snap	Hall I
Banks	R. Inside	Dale
Height	L. Inside	McLeod
Saunders	R. Middle	Roy
Bowen	L. Middle	Harcourt
Darry	R. Outside	Baker
Johnstone	L. Outside	Chauvin
	Sub.	Hamilton I
	Sub.	Smith I

## Ashbury College vs B.C.S.

### Played at the M.A.A.A. Grounds, Montreal.

### October 21st.

RESULT : ASHBURY - 1, B.C.S. - 21.

The first game of the Trip was played against Ashbury College (Ottawa) at the M.A.A.A. grounds, Westmount, on Saturday the 21st of October at eleven o'clock a.m.

The weather was perfect for football, the only drawback being that the field was very muddy owing to the recent snow, some of which was still on the ground. There was a large number of spectators—old boys and supporters of both schools—who were drawn by the prospects of a good game. And they were not disappointed, for although the score indicated an easy win for the school it was not the case, as Ashbury keenly contested our lead all through the game.

A few minutes after the start McCrea opened the scoring for the school by a touch-down, unfortunately the convert failed. A few minutes later Ashbury scored their only point; having beaten us back to our five yard line, where they lost the ball, our kick slipped and they scored a rouge.

The next touch was made by Duggan, which Peters converted; a drop kick, and a dead line kick followed making the score 15 - 1 in our favour. A few minutes before the final whistle Peters made the last touch which he also converted.

Ashbury's outstanding players were Tremaine (Capt.), Irvine and Pacaud (outside left). Considering the condition of the field both teams must be congratulated on the fact that there was very little fumbling.

We regret that Smith and Rhodes of Ashbury were injured during the play, the former having to retire for the remainder of the game, and was replaced by Sangster.

We experienced great pleasure at seeing so many old boys at the game, who did some very useful rooting.

The line up was as follows :

Ashbury.		B.C.S.
Smith	Half	Peters (Capt)
Sangster	"	McCrea
Barnet	"	Duggan
Tremaine (Capt)	Quarter	Monk
Irvine	Flying Wing	Moseley
Rhodes	Snap	Hall
MacLaren	Middle	Harcourt
Stevenson	"	Roy
Wallace	Inside	McLeod
Maybury	"	Dale
Pacaud	Outside	Baker
Heney	"	Chanvin
McLachlin	Spare	Smith
Yuile	"	Hamilton

## M. H. S. vs B. C. S.

Played at M.H.S. Grounds, Westmount

Monday, October 23rd.

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RESULT : M. H. S. - 2, B. C. S. - 11

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The second Senior game of the trip was played against Montreal High School at Westmount Park. Shortly after the beginning of the game rain fell heavily and continued for the remainder of the game. The condition of the field and the ball was responsible for a certain number of fumbles.

McCrea opened the scoring for the school with a touchdown which Peters failed to convert. At the end of the first quarter the score stood 5-0 for the school. During the second quarter the M. H. S. team rallied and scored a couple of rouges. At half time the score stood 5-2. In the third period the school had the wind behind them and Peters out-distanced our opponents with long punts, driving them to about their ten yard line, where McCrea made another touch for the school which Peters converted. After this M.H.S. made another rally with a long punt but were held till the final whistle. The playing of Lockhart, Bourne, O'Hara for M. H. S. was very good while McCrea and Peters showed up well for the school.

The line up was as follows :

M. H. S.		B. C. S.
Bourne (Capt.)	Half	Peters (Capt.)
Cameron	"	McCrea
Whittall	"	Duggan
O'Hara	Quarter	Monk
Decarie	Flying wing	Moseley
Lockhart	Snap	Hall
Macklin	Inside	McLeod
Costom	"	Dale
Ekers	Middle	Harcourt
Sullivan	"	Roy
Consiglio	Outside	Baker
Glickman	"	Chauvin
Dell	Sub.	Smith
Lehan	"	Hamilton

# B. C. S. vs L. C. C.

at Lennoxville,

Saturday, 28th of October

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RESULT: L. C. C. - 9, B. C. S. - 6.

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Our annual match against Lower Canada College was played at Lennoxville on our field. This has always been "the" game of the season, and this year was very much looked forward to, as we had a team very much stronger and faster than last year, and hoped to give L. C. C. a good game. Neither team had had their line crossed this season.

The day was dull, and quite cold, with a light wind; which after half time became quite strong, and which, in the last quarter, L. C. C. made great use of.

L. C. C. won the toss and decided to play against the wind. In the first quarter there was no score; neither team could claim much advantage, except that the school brought the ball to L. C. C.'s ten yard line, but unfortunately lost it in fumble.

In the second quarter, L. C. C. having the wind behind them, made a rouge, followed by a touch by Mickles near the end of the period, which he failed to convert. At half time the score stood 6-0 in L. C. C.'s favour.

In the third quarter the school rallied strongly, and McCrea soon went over for a touch, which Peters converted. The score stood at 6-6 for the balance of the period.

The last period witnessed some very determined football, but the strong wind, which had arisen, gave L. C. C. a very great advantage, and they were able to make three points by two rouges, and a dead line kick.

L. C. C.		B. C. S.
Mickles	Half	Peters (Capt.)
Eveleigh	"	McCrea
Clark	"	Duggan
Wray	Flying wing	Moseley
Davidson	Snap	Hall
Cook	Middle	Harcourt
Roncarelli	"	Roy
Yuile	Inside	Dale
Stewart	"	McLeod
Walker	Outside	Baker
Robertson	"	Chauvin
Arnold	Quarter	Monk
Ferguson	Sub.	Davis II
	"	Hamilton



**W.H.S vs B.C.S.****Played at Lennoxville****Saturday, November 4th,**

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RESULT: W.H.S. 0 - B.C.S. 21.

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The first team played Westmount High School on Saturday 4th at eleven o'clock. The weather was ideal for football.

In the first quarter Peters kicked a field goal, which was soon followed by a rouge. At the end of the first quarter the score stood 4-0. In the second period the school slowly drove Westmount back and Duggan finally went over for the first touchdown, it was converted so at half time the score read 10-0.

In the next period the School kept hard at it and were rewarded by a touch by McCrea which was not converted. In the last period Peters scored a touchdown and a convert, making the final score 21-0.

The line up was as follows:

W. H. S.		B. C. S.
Smith	Half	Peters
Thompson	"	McCrea
Barlow	"	Duggan
Cornell	Quarter	Monk
Allan	Flying Wing	Moseley
Rice	Snap	Hall
Hudson	Middle	Harcourt
Reddy	Middle	Roy
Bloomfield	Outside	Chauvin
Hough	Outside	Baker
Hutch	Inside	McLeod
Hafmann	Inside	Dale

## The Old Boys' Game, Played on Thanksgiving Day November 6th,

RESULT: Old Boys - 1, School - 4.

This year the old boys fielded one of the strongest teams they have ever got together for this event. The game was strongly contested from start to finish, and the School won by the smallest margin they have won by this year.

In the first quarter the old boys opened the scoring when Peters was tackled behind the school line. In this period the old boys might have scored again if they had not lost about a hundred yards for off-sides. In the second period there was no score and the old boys started putting on some of their many substitutes. At half time the score stood 1-0.

During the third quarter the score was equalized when the school tackled Rogers behind the line after a kick by Peters. Soon after this Peters scored a field goal for the school. At the end of the third quarter the score stood 4-1 in favour of the school. This was the final score.

It was during the last period of the game that the school was driven back to their three yard line and there held their ground for three downs.

The game was witnessed by the largest crowd we have ever had at the New School.

The line up was as follows :

Old Boys		B.C.S.
Rogers '21	Flying wing	Moseley
C.E. Price '19	Half	Peters
McIntosh '20	"	McCrea
McLeod '18	"	Duggan
McDougall '21	Quarter	Monk
Abbott '20	Outside	Chauvin
T.H. Price '16	"	Baker
Marler	Middle	Harcourt
Burt '20	Inside	McLeod
Napier '21	"	Dale
McGowan '20	Snap	Hall
Ogilvie '21		
Hale	Sub.	Davis
Russel '20	"	Hamilton
Falkenberg '15	"	Smith I
Campbell '20	"	
Neel	"	
Gilpin '19	"	
Harrison '18	"	

**B.C.S. vs L.C.C.****Played at the L.C.C. Grounds,****November 11th.**

Owing to the fact that we were unable to secure a match with the L. C. C. team on our first visit to Montreal we were kindly permitted to make another trip in order to play off a much looked forward to return game.

The game took place at the L. C. C grounds on Nov. 11th. 1922 at 11 o'clock. A large crowd of spectators gathered to witness the proceeding.

The game started on time. Mickles kicked off for L.C.C. The play was close in the first quarter, neither team being able to get away for any large gains.

The scoring was opened in the second quarter when Eveleigh scored a field goal from our forty yard line, there was no further score in this period. Half time—L. C. C. 3 B. C. S. 0.

Both teams started out hard in the last half, but L.C.C.'s end runs, owing to injuries received by both our outside wings, got away for some considerable gains. Towards the end of this period Eveleigh again drop kicked for 3 points bringing the score to 6-0 in L.C.C.'s favour. The last quarter was notable for two long runs by McCrea who almost succeeded in scoring. In an exchange of kicks L.C.C. got the ball on our 35 yard mark where Eveleigh was again called upon and succeeded in sending another beautiful field goal between our bars. Harcourt, who had been playing a splendid game till now, was severely injured and was taken to the Western Hospital.

A few minutes more play and the game ended with L.C.C. ahead with a score of 9-0.

Robertson and Eveleigh were L.C.C.'s outstanding players while Harcourt, McCrea and Peters played well for us. The line up was as follows :

L.C.C.		B.C.S.
Eveleigh	Half	Peters (Capt)
Mickles	"	Duggan
Clark	"	McCrea
Wray	Fling Wing	Moseley
Davidson	Scrap	Hall
Cook	Middle	Roy
Roncarelli	Middle	Harcourt
Yuile	Inside	Dale
Stewart	Inside	McLeod
Walker	Outside	Chauvin
Robertson	Outside	Baker
Arnold	Quarter	Monk
Ferguson	Spare	Davis I
	"	Hamilton

A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical corner pieces and repeating horizontal and vertical motifs.

## The Good Old School.

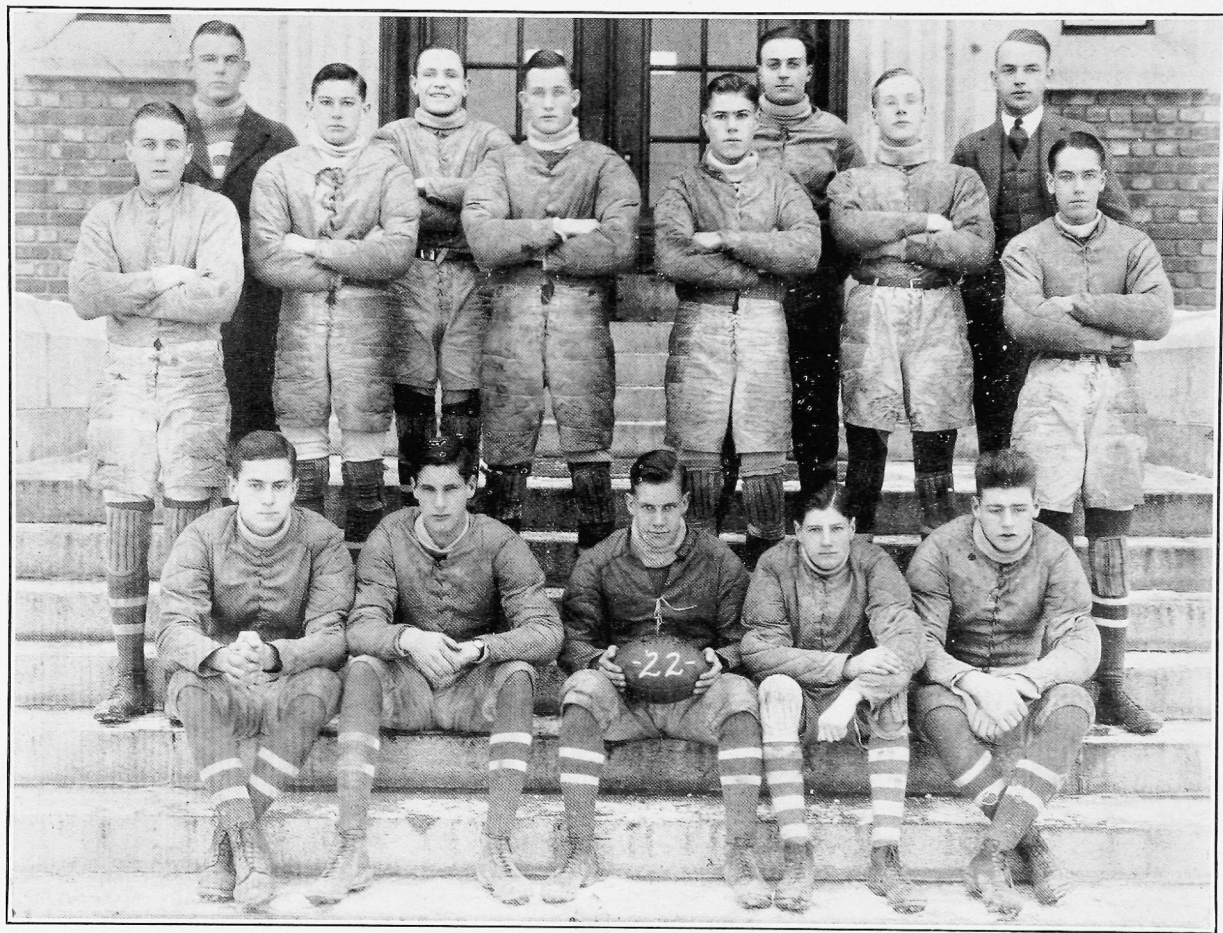
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There stands a school upon a hill  
In the town of Lennoxville;  
A school that's known the country o'er  
For fame in sports, and scholar's lore  
A school whose name will never die  
Though it, in devastation lie;  
A school which puts out men of fame  
And they keep up the old School's name  
The Tablet in the Old School's hall  
Bears four and sixty names in all  
These men, who all their lives did give  
That we, in quiet, and peace should live.

D. S. Grant.







## B. C. S. Second Team.

### St. Alban's vs B. C. S. 2nd

Played at M.A.A.A., Westmount, Sat. 21st, Oct.

RESULT : ST. ALBAN'S 0 - B. C. S. II -34.

Preceding the match against Ashbury the Second Team played St. Alban's (Brockville) Senior Team. The game resulted in a very decisive victory for the school.

Hamilton and Smith accounted for all the touchdowns, and Campbell converted four out of the six touches.

St. Albans did some very creditable tackling, and Rolph especially distinguished himself ; but they were unable to cope with the speed of our half line.

The line up was as follows :

St. Albans		B.C.S. II
Rolph	Half	Davis (Capt)
Annis	"	Smith I
Le Boutellier	"	Hamilton
Henault	Flying wing	Neel
Kenwood	Quarter	Grant
Redpath	Snap	Campbell
Hiam	Middle	Morris
Wylie	"	Planche
Holland	Inside	Sise I
Sears	"	Sise II
Smith	Outside	Patton
Deans	"	Glassco

## L.C.C. Intermediates vs B.C.S. 2nd.

Played at Lennoxville, Sat. 28th, Oct.

RESULT : L.C.C. 13 - B.C.S. II -0.

After the senior game of the same date, the second team played the Lower Canada Intermediates. The game was rather spoiled by the fact that the senior game took so long that there was only time to play two five minute and two ten minute periods. A few minutes before the game began it started to snow and continued to do so throughout the game. In the first quarter L.C.C. scored a touch which was converted. In the next quarter with the wind behind them L.C.C. punted over for a rouge. At half time the

score stood 7-0 for our opponents. In the last quarter L.C.C. went over our line for another touch which was converted. The final score was 13-0.

The line up was as follows :

L.C.C.		B.C.S. II
Gilbert	Half	Davis (capt)
McKay	"	Hamilton
Tyler	"	Smith
Arnold (capt)	Quarter	Neel
Eberts	Flying Wing	Reid
Gilmour	Snap	Campbell
Guthrie	Middle	Morris
Workman	"	Planche
Seade	Outside	Grant
Ferguson	"	Patton
Keene	Inside	Sise I
Smart	"	Sise II
Birks	Sub.	Glassco

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### S.H.S. vs B.C.S. 2nd.

Played at S.H.S. Grounds, Sherbrooke, Sat. Nov. 18th.

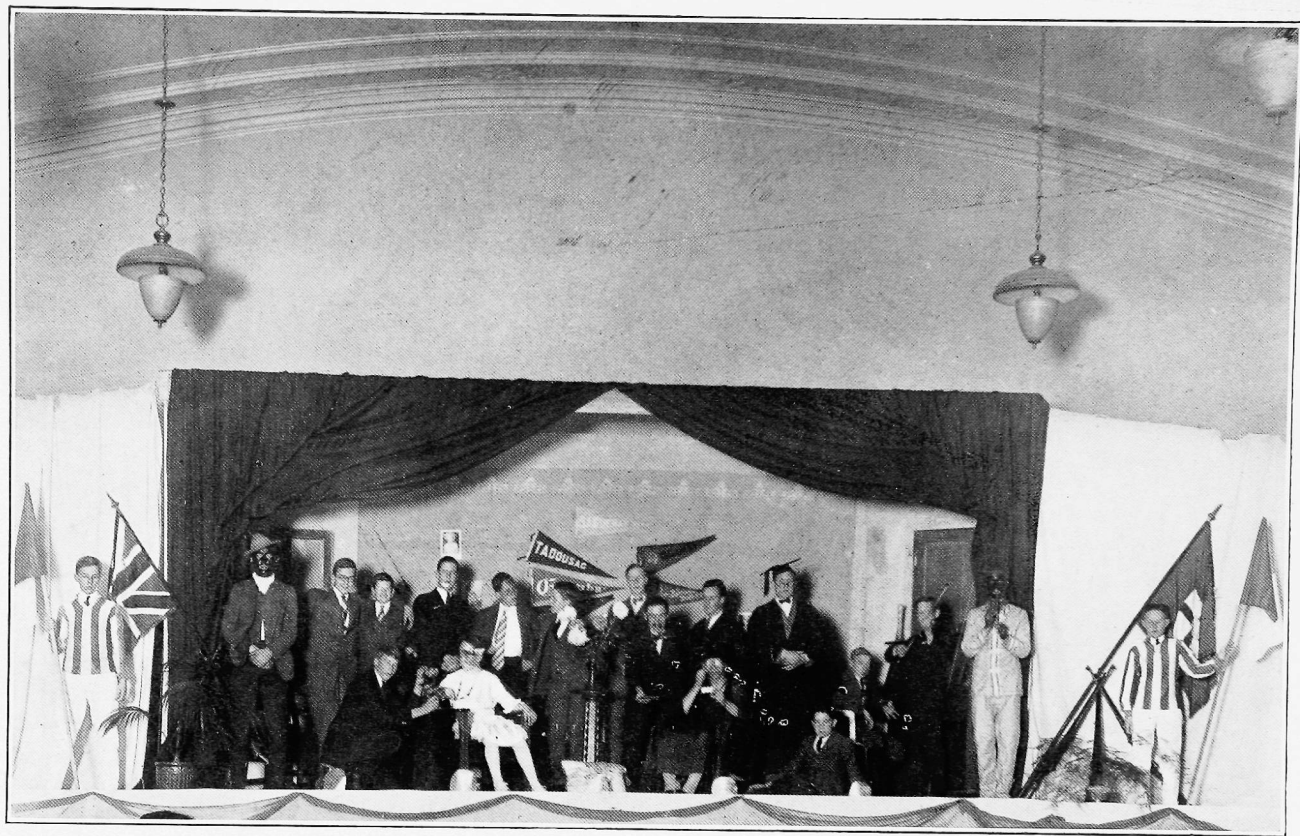
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RESULT : S. H. S. -10, B. C. S. -12.

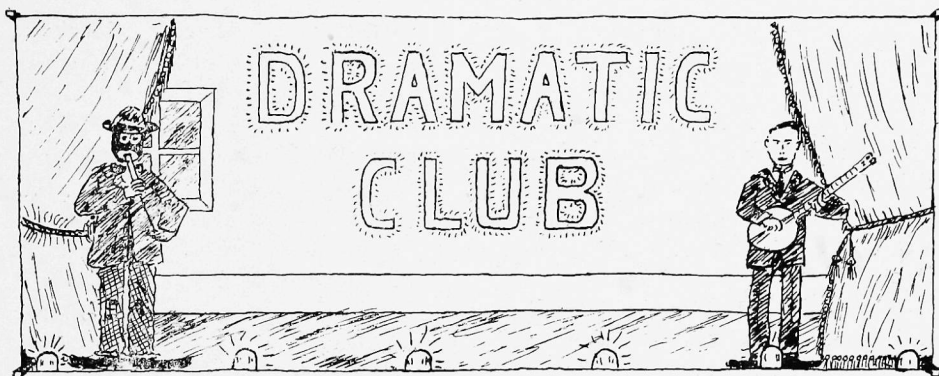
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The last game of the season against Sherbrooke High School was staged at their grounds in Sherbrooke. The ground was quite slippery and in consequence there was a lot of fumbling. In the first quarter S. H. S. scored a field goal and a few minutes later a rouge. Near the end of the period McLeod intercepted an onside kick and brought the ball to our opponents' five yard line. In the next play Hamilton went over for a touch. It was converted by Campbell. The second quarter was uneventful. At half-time the score stood 6 - 4. The third quarter was also uneventful. About five minutes before the end of the game S. H. S. scored a touch on a fake kick. It was converted. In the first play after the kick off the School punted, the catch was fumbled and McLeod picked up the ball and tore down the field just managing to get the ball over the line. The touch was converted and the final score was -12 - 10 for the School. As three members of the second team were sick, McLeod, McCrea and Moseley were transferred from the first team for this last game of the year.









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## Concert for Benefit of School Magazine

The concert which was held for the benefit of the School Magazine on Oct. 7th, turned out to be a huge success, although the participants had scarcely two weeks in which to rehearse.

The concert opened with the singing of "The Maple Leaf Forever" by five or six of our best singers and from start to finish the walls of the Assembly Hall resounded with applause.

Hall and Smith I scored a big hit with their jazz whistle duet accompanied by Mr. Sawdon on the piano. Both Smith and Hall were dressed as negroes.

The next big hit following this was scored by Greig and Mackay who sang the well-known song "Say It with Music." Mackay was made up as a fast young man and Greig as a young girl and a very pretty one at that. They received encore after encore, and scored the hit of the evening. Greig cleverly made up, did his part well and he and Mackay made a good combination.

The "comedy" of the evening was performed by Davis and Hall and was very cleverly done. It was a skit of two negroes having a conversation and it kept the audience laughing for a considerable time.

The school Orchestra did its part admirably and played two selections, both of which were enthusiastically received by the audience. The last item on the programme was the singing of "Three o'clock in the morning" by a chorus made up of members of Forms V and VI, after which the participants of the concert assembled on the stage and Mr. Smith, Headmaster, said a few words of thanks to Mr. Young and Mr. Sawdon and expressed his keen pleasure with the evening's programme.

There followed three cheers for Mr. Young and Mr. Sawdon this concluding the entertainment of the evening.

The programme was as follows :

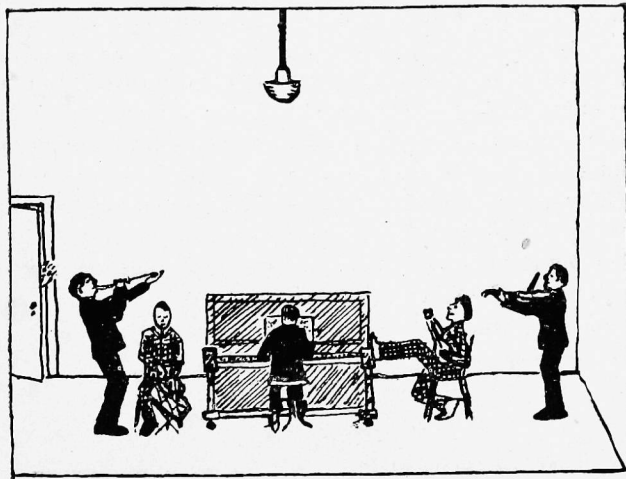
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Full Chorus, "The Maple Leaf Forever"  | 10. Song Selected Mackay                    |
| 2. Pianoforte Solo Cabaletta Mackay       | 11. Skit Hall I and Davis I                 |
| 3. Darkey Camp Fire Chorus, Moseley       | 12. Clog Dance Smith I                      |
| Sise I, Monk I, Hall, McCrea,             | 13. Song Blinco and Mackay                  |
| Patton I, Peters, Harcourt, Duggan.       | 14. School Orchestra, Selection             |
| 4 School Orchestra, Selection.            | 15. Song, Hall III, MacDougall, Patton II,  |
| 5. Song, Hall III, MacDougall, Patton II, | Luther I, Rhett.                            |
| Luther I, Rhett.                          | 16 Mandolin Duet, Richardson & Mackay       |
| 6 Duet, Mackay and Greig                  | 17. Darkey Chorus, Moseley, Sise I, Monk I, |
| 7. Jazz Whistle Duet, Smith I & Hall I    | Hall, McCrea, Patton I, Peters, Duggan,     |
| 8. Recitation, School Song                | Harcourt.                                   |
| 9. Song Duggan and Smith                  | 18. GOD SAVE THE KING.                      |
| Accompanist - - -                         | Irwin Sawdon, Esq.                          |

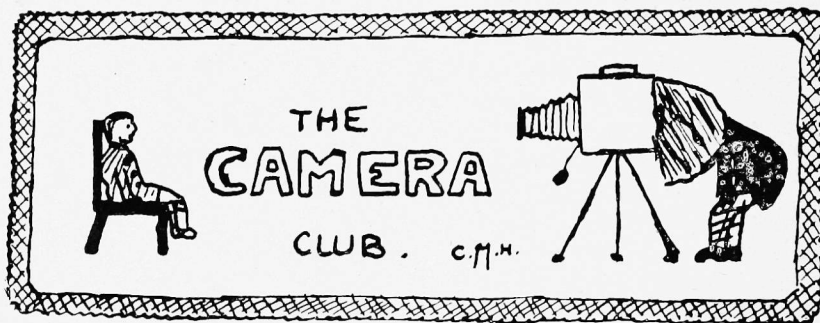
The first play of the Dramatic Club was presented on the evening of the 6th of Nov. Thanksgiving Day; to an appreciative audience composed mainly of parents and boys, whom we take this opportunity gratefully and sincerely to thank for their unexpected liberality. The club also wishes to thank its President, Mr. Young, for his untiring efforts in producing the play. Although got up in an exceedingly short time, "Music Hath Charms," came off with great success. Duggan and Mackay were excellent in their respective parts as Charley and Gerald, Gerald being the love-sick, star pitcher of the College Baseball team and Charley, his chum, who, in the end, cures him of his infatuation. Greig, as the girl could not be distinguished from one of the fair sex, and many were frankly sceptical as to his being a boy. Hall and Moseley were also excellent, and we especially congratulate Holt who has undoubted histrionic abilities. Blinco, at the piano rendered sweet music. The cast was as follows :-

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Gerald Remsen—Star Pitcher of Montauk College	D. Mackay
Charley—His chum - - - -	H. V. Duggan
Bertram La Montague—a typical college grind	C. M. Holt
Bud Brown - - - -	G. N. Moseley
and	
Buck Anderson—Friends of Gerald and Charley	W. Hall
Jack Underwood - - - -	O. B. Richardson
Dick Henderson - - - -	D. S. Neel
Bill Simmons - - - -	G. Smith
George Duncan - - - -	L. C. Monk
Tom Hemingway - - - -	H. R. Patton
Students at Montauk College	
Professor Elery - - - -	V. W. Harcourt
Betty Brown—Gerald's friend - - -	H. Greig
Miss Brown—her aunt - - -	C. L. Peters

In consequence of the success of this play the Dramatic Club is now occupied in preparing another play entitled "Always in Trouble". "Always in Trouble" will be a much greater undertaking than the above play. However, the Club expects to be able to present it early next term.





The Camera Club is a fairly old B.C.S. institution, having been organized from fifteen to twenty years ago. The object of the Club has been to promote good photography in the school, and for this reason an annual competition has been held, the winning pictures, framed together, being hung in the Library.

This year, with the moving of the Upper School to the new buildings across the river has come the problem of getting new darkroom apparatus. For this purpose the Club has been put on a more businesslike basis, with a President, Secretary and Committee to attend to its affairs.

Mr. J. F. Shupe, the President, conceived the idea of securing a motion-picture projector, and having occasional shows, to break the monotony of school life. A projector has been kindly lent by Commander J. K. L. Ross, and some very good times are anticipated. The officers of the Camera Club are:

President: Mr. J. F. Shupe

Secretary: A. Dale

Committee:

V. W. Harcourt

H. R. Montgomery

D. S. Neel

W. Hall

L. E. Baker

H. V. Duggan

L. C. Monk

G. N. Moseley

## Under the Scarlet Cross.

A tale of the Old Days in Spanish America.

"Alonzo, have'nt you any thought as to what may have happened to your father? Speak boy!" hoarsely cried a woman, rubbing her red-rimmed eyes.

"No Mother I have not, though many long hours I spent awake last night in meditation as to what was his fate."

"Do you remember yon English privateer, which has been anchored in our bay for the last week?" queried Rebecca, the dark-eyed Spanish beauty, Alonzo's only sister, vainly trying to stifle her sobs. "Well! I've been thinking that perhaps by some foul plot he has been lured aboard."

"I too, had thought so once, but I can't see why Master John Ralkins should want father."

"Alonzo! Your father knew these seas, remember John Ralkins is after treasure."

While they had been talking, a dead hush had crept over the country. A great, great stillness such as comes before a stormy outburst of tropical fury. The blazing sun stood still on the rim of the Western watery horizon. Nature's breath was bated.

Suddenly, through the window opening on the little garden, came the muffled sound of marching feet. Were the blood-thirsty sailors from the ship coming to wipe out the tiny Spanish settlement? Nearer and nearer came the tramping; thump—thump—thump.

The people at the table crouched in their chairs—massacres were common in those days. Sudden relief! The marchers were passing. But were they? The tramping ceased

—Tap—Tap—Tap—came a knock at the door. Rebecca screamed. Alonzo rose.

Tap—Tap—Tap—the ominous knocking was repeated. With hesitation Alonzo opened the door. Crowded together in the front garden their sombre grey hoods and cloaks tinged with the blood-red light of the sunset, their characteristic scarlet crosses flaming from their breasts and purple masks covering their faces, were a dozen or more members of the Inquisition, that oppressive body of tyrants, who, in the early days in the New World, wielded their mace of power with the excuse of religion, and with tools of torture.

A tall figure advanced towards Alonzo; "What do you wish of me, Father?" asked the young man.

"Your presence is required before the most holy judges of the Inquisition." Alonzo began to shut the door. A flash of grey bodies and he was bound. The slow march began again, but this time toward the bay. The party crowded into a large ship's boat, and was rowed swiftly but silently across the ever-darkening bay.

---

A great grey stone building, ugly and foreboding loomed up before them. A heavy cloth was placed over Alonzo's head. He could see nothing further. What was going to happen? Alonzo trembled. Many and terrible were the tales abroad in those days of the Inquisition. He resigned himself to his fate. After being hustled down ringing stone steps Alonzo was suddenly thrown headlong. The blind slipped from his face. He lay where



he had fallen, and peered at his surroundings through half closed lids. He was in an oblong shaped room. The walls seemed to be of stone, which gleamed damply in the candle light. Behind a desk sat a masked man, and around him crowded others, all in their accustomed raiment.

"Up, dog of a traitor! Darest thou flaunt thy superiors? Up! I say! Bring in the other prisoner!" commanded the stern figure at the desk.

In a few minutes steps were heard and the door creaked open again. Who was the other "prisoner"? Alonzo strained to catch a glimpse of his face.

Haggard, pale, black eyes staring—it was his father.

"Patro!" he cried, and was roughly silenced by his guard. His father gave no sign of recognition, but his delirious eyes flashed fire.

The prisoners were lined up in front of the table.

"Speak scoundrel! will you now tell us all you know about Master Ralkins plans or not? We know that you are in league with him. What! have our little pleasantries of this morning not brought you around?"

The man shuddered. He made no answer.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself? turning to Alonzo. "Will we be forced to use persuasion on you too?"

Alonzo kept silent. At last he realized what their object had been in making his father and himself prisoners. They were supposed to be acting as spies for the English buccaneer.

"So you refuse? Well we shall see. When father views son suffering he may forget his resistance. Take them to the Room!"

Off they were marched, down a long dark corridor until they came to a heavy bolt studded door, which one of the guards unlocked with a massive key. Only too well did they know to what fate they were going. Who could blame them for their uneasiness? For there in the dimness of the yet unlighted chamber could be distinguished the revolting outline of the Rack, the Iron Maiden, and the other cruel instruments of the Inquisition.

"Light! Light!" cried a voice, and in a moment the room was thrown into light and shadow by the guttering flames from a brace of crude lamps.

The light only confirmed their fears. There indeed were the horrible torture machines. A flash of pale lightning gleamed through a barred window, high up in the wall. A low, ominous rumble of thunder answered it. The humidity of the night air was causing much discomfort among the guards, whose heavy robes were not at all suited to the weather.

While Alonzo watched, tightly held by two men, his father was led toward the Rack. Soon he was suffering agonies, whilst his son looked on, unable to aid him.

The villains did not wish to mortally injure him, their only reason in torturing him being to impress their power upon the community. When he had refused to reply to their accusations of being a traitor they had imagined that they had stumbled on the truth. They had hastened off to bring his son, thinking, perhaps, that when the father saw the son suffer, or the son the father, that he would give up some secret in order to get him off. Tighter and tighter were the ropes drawn and louder and louder grew the moans of the unfortunate man. Alonzo's breath caught in his throat. "What were the conversations

about between the ship-master and your father? Speak! Else.....”

Alonzo shuddered. He had no knowledge of any such happenings, and he therefore could only reply one way.

Two men clutched his arms and he was dragged off to the other end of the room, where a small stout door was set into the wall. One of the couple drew the bolts and Alonzo was thrown roughly inside.

During the fraction of a second while the door remained open behind him, he was able, by the dim light that entered, to briefly make out the room to be a small one and bare of any sort of furniture. The door appeared to be the only break in the wall, yet as the door was bolted behind him there was a sudden flare of light followed by peal after peal of rolling thunder. It had come through a small barred window near the ceiling.

The storm was approaching nearer and nearer with incredible speed as could be told by blinding white flashes and great hollow reverberations.

The tropical downpour of rain could be heard outside the window.

It was a night calculated to strike fear into the hardest of souls.

Ever and anon Alonzo could hear his father's cries for mercy. Such torture!

“Boom! — Boom! — Boom!” Came the slow measured beats of a huge gong, which seemed to be set into the ceiling. They were fearfully regular, and yet, it seemed to the

boy, who found himself waiting with bated breath for each one (such was their hypnotic effect), that each succeeding sound was a trifle higher up the scale than the last.

“Boom! — Boom! Boom!” They were slowly but surely driving him crazy! He could hear the storm but faintly, although the lightning burst forth with increasing nearness and seared his aching eyeballs with its baleful light. His whole being was bound up in those ever shriller notes.

Higher and higher up the scale they went, until they seemed to pass the limit of human audibility. Alonzo's eyes were staring, his head splitting. Alone, Alone with that exquisite cold torture! He crouched on the evil smelling floor, head in hands.

Crash! — Rip! — Boo—om! — Bang! Bang! — Boom! A wide cleft appeared in the crumpled stone wall. The ceiling began to fall in great heavy chunks; lightning lit up the wild scene with its bluish-white glare. A flying bit of masonry caught him on the head and stunned him for a moment. His head cleared. Heaven's lightning had, in revenge destroyed the home of the oppressors!

Alonzo made a dash for the gap in the wall and was at his father's side in a moment. The room had been deserted by the terror-stricken guards, so he had a clear field. His first act was to release his father. At first the poor man was scarcely able to stand alone, thoughts of possible escape soon gave him strength and assisted by Alonzo, he was soon in the passage.

Exit from the deserted, smoky building was difficult, but they finally were out. They could see frantic figures, judges and guards, both doing their utmost to check the ever mounting flames.

Alonzo made for the beach. Here they met a man who had been fixing his boats after the storm, and they, after much bribery, were able to urge him to row them across the bay. As they pushed off a great burst of flame arose; the buildings were doomed. It made a wonderful display against the now clearing sky, with the ever-more-distant lightning flashing at intervals.

When they came at last back to their own house they found the mother and Rebecca still seated at the table, their eyes reddened with tears at the supposed death of their loved ones.

"We have no time to waste," rasped Alonzo, taking charge of the situation "get your necessities together and follow me."

Fifteen minutes later the refugees were on their way to the beach. Another five and they were safely ensconced in a boat, speeding away over dark, rippling waters.

In the northern sky a great blood-red halo glowed. The last of the Inquisition.

"Boat ahoy ! cried the watch, shining his lantern down upon the party in the dory below.

John Ralkins, bluff old sea-dog, came to the rail. Alonzo explained the situation at length, and begged him to take his mother, father and sister aboard. Ralkins did not hesitate an instant and the party were soon safely berthed in a cabin. Though a buccaneer, he was of sturdy Devon stock, and would see no lady in trouble if he could get her out of it. He was deeply stirred by the tale, and his vessel being already deeply laden with Spanish gold, he decided to set sail for home with the next tide.

A peep into the Future ; — A warm, sunny day in the south of France, A robust young man with two little children, evidently his own, is opening the garden-gate of a cosy thatched cottage, with its grape-vine covered arbour. A pretty face watches them from the window. He turns and waves his hand, then with the children, walks slowly up the road. Soon he comes to another cottage, half hidden in flowery foliage. Away rush the children to open the door for him. Seated at the noon-tide meal are an elderly couple evidently his father and mother, since he addresses them as such. "Well Alonzo, and how is your family?" "Mother could we be anything but happy here. Free, and far from the Men in Grey?"

H. R. Montgomery.



## B. C. S. Alphabet.

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- A** is for Allan, whose surname is Dale,  
And also for Azoff, who from Westmount doth hail.
- B** is for Blinco, a wonder on skates,  
And also for Baker, a good boy he rates.
- C** is for Chauvin, who is also called "Bun",  
And also for Casgrain, a Senator's son.
- D** is for Duggan, the man about town,  
And likewise for Davis, the B. C. S. clown.
- E** is for Elsie, the vaudeville fiend;  
From speaking of movies he cannot be weaned.
- F** is for Fawcett, who thinks beans are swell,  
And also for "Facilis" which this is—like—well!
- G** is for Grant who comes from Lachine,  
And likewise for Greig, who'd look well on the screen.
- H** is for Hall, an actor supreme,  
He's also the snapper on 1st football team.
- I** is for 'Ikey', of dormitory "E",  
If it was'nt for him what a school this would be !
- J** is for Johnston, one of Ottawa's sons,  
And also for "Jackie", who's wild about guns.
- K** stands for Kitchen, where we get cold toast,  
Of all the nice places, of this one we boast.
- L** is for Luther, a very good fag,  
And also for Labour we've spent on this mag.
- M** for McMaster, with copper-red hair,  
And also McLaren, a swimmer quite fair.
- N** for the Neels, from U.S. they hail,  
And also for "Nubes" who gets all the mail.
- O** is for Ogilvie, a lad with some soul,  
And also for Oggie, the guy with the "roll".
- P** is for Peters, the man with the kick,  
For Planche, and for Patton who's not very quick.
- Q**'s for the Quarter we get every week,  
Which is generally spent on stuff that is "chic".

**R** is for Roy, who's stylish and dapper,  
And also for Rhett, who's a very fine snapper.

**S** is for Smith I, a jazz-whistler of fame,  
And also for Starke a most famous name.

**T** is for Taylor, a lad in 3A,  
Who peruses the "Star" before class every day.

**U** for the Upper, where all these boys are ;  
Excellent fellows from near and from far.

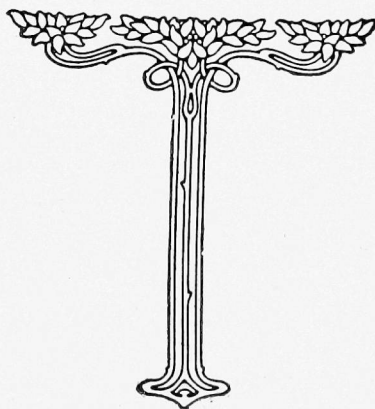
**V** is for Vassie, a Bancroft is he,  
The pride and the model of noble 2B.

**W** for We who have worked on this verse :  
We hope you will say that it might be much worse.

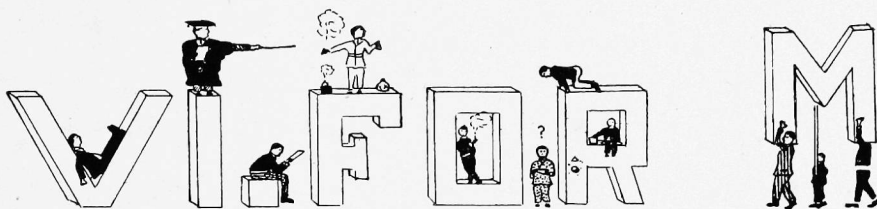
**X** is a letter—we're seeking a word.  
Someone says "Xerxes", but that is absurd.

**Y** is for You, who this magazine get,—  
And if you don't like it we're sorry, you bet !

**Z** for the Zest, which is all through this mag.  
We hope it will please you from Prefect to Fag.







From Yarmouth comes Lorne E. Baker,  
 Who of the First Team is a maker:  
 Before the girls he is rather shy,  
 But you should see him give them the glad eye.



John Casgrain, or otherwise "Camel-Walk" John,  
 Whose marcelled hair is dark and long,  
 His Thursday letter never fails to remind  
 Him of that beautiful girl he left behind.

Another young fellow is handsome Harry,  
 Whose affairs are said to be heavy to carry;  
 As a tackler he has a fine reputation.  
 His appetite fills the tuck-shop with consternation.

Bob McCrea comes from the "Brook"  
 His tin can tales he's inclined to cook.  
 Of the School this year he's the head-prefect  
 And in foot-ball games signal "r" has effect.

Johnnie, the ape, or Donnie Baboon,  
 Either in public or in class-room.  
 Finds triangles round and red books green  
 Says:- "Yes sir", "no sir", "that's what I mean".

There's "Elsie" Monk but he's not to blame  
 For having been called such a feminine name.  
 On the team he fills the place of quarter  
 And of it he's always a strong supporter.

Again, from St. Hyacinthe spring's husky "Mitt".  
 Who in every sport is extremely fit.  
 He is business-manager of this magazine.  
 And the result of his work can be clearly seen.

There is a boy in the sixth form now  
 He got there but we don't know how.  
 Its Neel with his "Bashed in" Yale hash hat  
 "Nigger" we call him and leave it at that.

"Pusher" Sharp is a man of Parts  
 Another Sixth former, a man of Arts.  
 Look at our heading and you will see  
 A fine example and with us agree.

In Hazen Sise's ways we see  
 He's ambitious to go to R. M. C.  
 The chances are 'in June we'll find  
 He'll leave the old school far behind.

Our mascot young "Niner" won great fame  
 For his keen mathematical brain.  
 But he's got to grow a yard or so  
 If to R.M.C he wishes to go.

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Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" still continues to delight the Sixth.

McLeod is writing home and making enquiries because in the English class the other day, the master said that his relatives and antecedents were bad.

Stout Cortez's remarkable silence upon the peak in Darien is still perplexing the Sixth

The Sixth Form are going to stage a tag-day to buy "Povey" a harp.

Some of us would like to know what's the matter with the Left King Bolt on the little yellow car.

Mr. Will. Soakyoudrill:- "All right now. Take your seats". Moseley:- "Yes, sir, where do you want them?

A certain brainy fellow says that a quindecagon is a quadrilateral with five sides.

We would like to know what has been on Harry's mind lately.

Master:- "Get out! Leave the room at once.

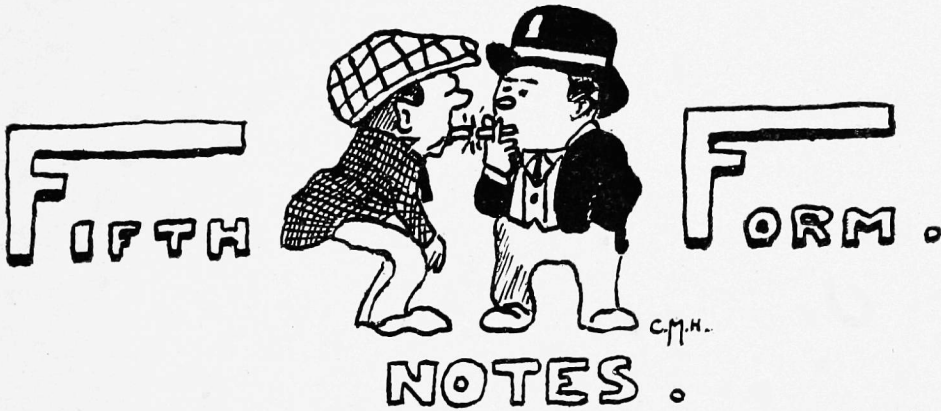
Chauvin (on the way out) "Har! Har! He thought I was going to take it with me.

A sixth former wishes that the new school bell was a "dumb-bell"

The following report reached us the other day:- "There were 5,499 cases of ammunition on board the Lusitania" The disease must have been very contagious.

We are glad to hear that Tan "Cot" (theta).

(Overheard in the Tuck-Shop) "Oh Min," said Virginia to the Sunny Boy getting on the Caravan on a Crisp morning; "you should see me Eat More, Say Andy! that's Nut Milk, that's Cherry Blossom! but let's watch the Egg Foam instead."



Heard in Arithmetic Period, Master:- If a man drinks three gills of brandy a day for forty years (brandy containing 14 % alcohol) how much alcohol will he have consumed?

Bill Hall—Sir, that sum is impossible!

Master—Why?

Bill Hall—Do you think a man with that much luck would live forty years?

There was once a nigger named Smith  
Whose one greatest trick was to biff I.  
He hit Dempsey so hard,  
That from now on he's barred  
From fighting: That Nigger named Smith I.

Did Mr. M.....z.....t ever explain to anyone Why the old woman thought Mesopotamia such a comfortable word? We want to know.

Short and Sweet, or The Cattle Ranger's Romance.

Why there was Gwendolyn? The darling! He had'n't seen her for ages. Trembling all over, he ran to meet her, as she stood watching him affectionately from the far side of the gate. Leaning over, he placed his arms around her neck, his cheek resting 'gainst hers. He whispered sweet nothings into her perfectly shaped ear. That soft warm cheek!

Gwendolyn was such a nice cow and she had belonged to the ranch for so many years...!

### A FIFTH FORM FANTASY.

Harcourt could not make his Glass Ford go. He had a crank, but he could not get a-Holt of it. So he potted on, over hill and Dale till he came to the royal Black Smith shop. "O-Gilvie!" he cried to a Gilvie who was standing in the Hall. "Can you tell me where Dave is?"

"Even though it is summer, the pipes have burst and he is Petering around a Faucet!" answered the Gilvie. "Dave is an unhappy fellow," said Harcourt as he fell over a Plank. "Cheer him up for me, Will you?" But the Gilvie found Montgomery and McGreevy, and they made themselves sick with MacLaren's cream cheese.

"I always strive to stand on my own two feet", said the window cleaner, as he lost his balance on the cornice of the Woolworth Building, and passed the 25th. storey, head down, at a velocity of 25,000,000 miles per hour.

## “Line Up” of the Form.

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	FAVOURITE OCCUPATION	AMBITION	PROBABLE FUTURE OCCUPATION
L. W. Davis	Sonny	For crying out loud	Loafing	To be as simple as Bill Hall	Actor
H. W. Davis	Bug	“Very handsome”	Doing Gym.	To grow	Bailing out Sonny Davis
A. Dale	Fate	Back things up!	Playing a drum	To be a champ. boxer	Automobile racer
L. A. Fawcett	Beans	Oh I see (drawl).	Playing the piano	None	None
A.K.Glassford	Bunny	Nunc Nunc!	Working	To be in partnership with Ogilvie	Rhodes scholar
W. Hall	Bill	Oh strawberries!	Putting on foolish faces	To be as simple as Sonny Davis	Newsy on C.P.R.
V.W.Harcourt	Wilt	“Hod Egg”	Playing football	To get a picture from “Marilyn”	Necking
C. M. Holt	just “Morris”	Come off the roof!	Making witty (?) remarks	To be a lawyer	Governor General
B.W.MacLaren	Pointer	I don't see through that one	Playing Basketball	To make as big a row as he can	Editor of “Life”
G.W.McGreevy	Beezer	Aw! Come on	Drawing	To be able to remember	Drawing water
H.R.Montgomery	Monty	Goth!	Writing stories	To be a plumber	Coal heaver
B.McL.Ogilvie	Bart	Don't be so simple	Laughing at all jokes	To be King-beaver	Not King-beaver
H.R.Patton	Rosie	Show me a place to eat	Mixing	To be owner of a Hot-dog waggon	Angel
C. L. Peters	Pete	MMmmMM	Razzing someone	To beat the “Ronckers”	None if he can help it.
D. F. Planche	Demon	Oh slush!	Studying (?)	To improve his complexion	General Contradictor
P. Roy	Louie	Aw-Haw!	Walking along the Q.C.R. track	To have subscriptions to all movie magazines	A government job
L. M. Smith	Dank	Gar!	Reading “Snappy”	To draw covers for “Snappy”	Drawing cheques
E. I. Sommer	Ikey	PLEASE don't	Reading in bed	To read his own writing	Orator



Two Jags were returning home after a big spree lasting nearly all night.

"Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one.

"Not often" replied the other, "she's a pretty good shot."

Pupil (while taking notes) "Sir, have you ever eaten sugar-cane?"

Master: "Yes!—in granulated form."



First Negro—"I need ta have a noo pair o'shoes Sam."

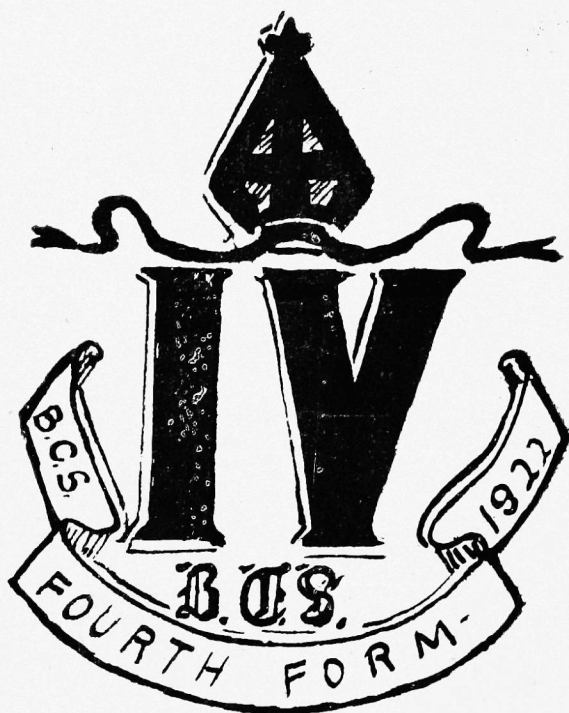
Second Negro—"Are those worn out?"

First Negro—"Worn out! Man the bottom of mah shoes are so thin I can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails."

#### Overflow of Fourth Form Notes.

The Fourth Form wish to thank all the masters for their untiring patience and help to them throughout the term.





255.

## Form Notes

### *THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.*

1. Why McMaster charged another nickel on the pennants.
2. (How Jackie's "appendix" is?)
3. Who is the girl that writes to "Azoff" on a ruler?
4. Where Oggie gets his "bankroll"?

### *PROMINENT BOYS IN THE FOURTH FORM.*

IN THE ORCHESTRA : Blinco, leader ; Grant, banjo ; Mackay and Richardson, mandolin.

IN THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY : Sise, Mackay, Richardson, Duggan.

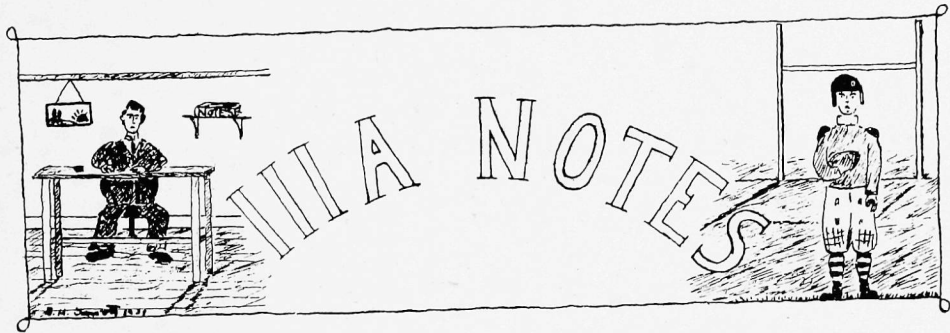
ON 1922 CRICKET XI : McMaster, Duggan, Reid (sub).

ON 1922 FOOTBALL TEAM : Duggan.

ON 1922 2nd FOOTBALL TEAM : Reid, Glassco, Campbell, Sise, Morris, Grant (sub).

ON 1922 HOCKEY TEAM : Blinco.

BOYS OF MINOR QUANTITY BUT NOT QUALITY : Smith III, O'Meara, Moore, Hanna, Barry, Monk II.



## Scranton High School vs Ridgewood College.

Klotz the sturdy Yale Half-Back topped his drive, but Beanish hit a three-bagger. Klotz with a quick half-nelson wrested the puck from the centre wing and scored a touch down. Bell who kicked the goal, topped his drive for a good mashie out of the bunker, went 200 yards for a double play.

Ruth came up to bat with five men on bases and made a homer; he was only down in 3. Beigning the wonderful Harvard coxswain stepped to the plate and hit the ball far and high; amid the shouts of the fans he shot by the home plate a winner by three lengths.

## Jokes.

- Johnson "I hear they use to give you horse meat in the army."  
 Bones "Yes." "It was not so bad"  
 Johnson "I heard it was pretty good"  
 Bones "Yes, the sap of a mess sergeant forgot to take off the harness when he cut them up."  
 Pat "Mike I know the greatest auctioneer in all the world. In an hour he sold 7,147 head of cattle."  
 Mike "Impossible, how did he do it and what did the cattle consist of?"  
 Pat "One horse and 5 hives of bees."  
 Master Neel did you throw those running shoes down here?  
 Student (Chauvin) No Sir, he only dropped them.

## Raise Wanted.

- Mother "Johnny why in the world are you feeding the baby yeast?"  
 Johnny "Boo-hoo, she's swallowed my quarter and I am trying to raise the dough."  
 1st. boy looking at 2nd. boy's tie—"Oh, now I know where my shoe laces go".

The House of Comments.

Mr. Hod. What is a comet?  
 Student A fellow in Parliament.

Mr. Jones "Johnnie run over and see how old Mrs. Brown is."  
 After about half an hour he returns and says "Mrs. Brown says  
 its none of your business how old she is."

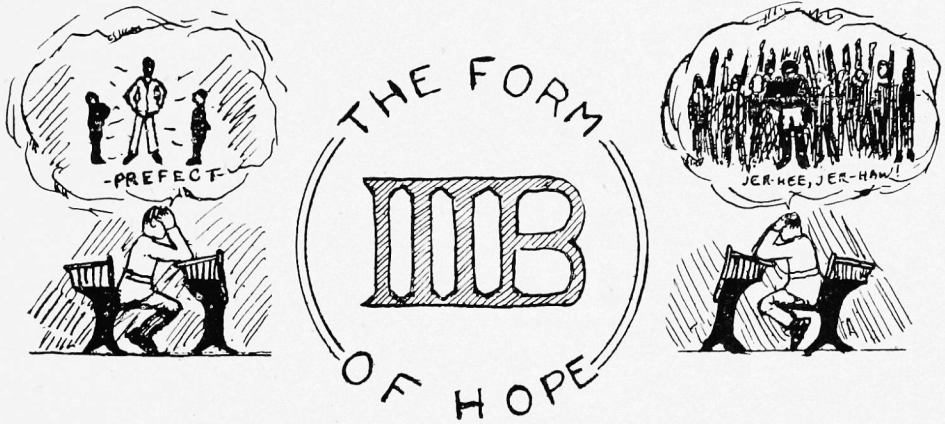
The young man led in hearts.  
 The girl for diamonds played.  
 The old man came down with a club.  
 While the sextet used a spade.

"There must be a lot."

Master "Can anyone tell me what the ruler of Russia is called?  
 Pupils in one voice "Czar"  
 Master "What is his wife's name?"  
 Pupils "Czarina"  
 Master "Now can anyone tell me what their children are called?" after a mom-  
 ent's silence one little voice chips up and says "Czardines".



"What did Prohibition do to you?"  
 "It took my breath away."  
 (Curtain)



## NOTICE!!

Do not read these notes in class as they will throw you into fits of hilarious laughter. This is only stopped by rotating round the gym on your own axis. Neck rest!

Question : (by Bancroft) "Are peanuts made in Stanstead?"

Answer : (by Master) "Yes, and drill is done in the gym. 40 minutes.

There is a new kid called Short,  
Who was slightly too much of a sport,  
So much drill he was soaked  
That his stout heart near croaked;  
This reduced the slight weight of poor Short.

Stevenson's teasing his Jazz-whistle in class caused him the loss of same for a couple of weeks.

"How long is a piece of string?" is the question puzzling IIB.

There was a fight in IIB the other day,—Auld clenched his digits and hit Short on the sternum; Short drew back his metatarsal bone and kicked Auld on the tibia. This caused Auld to bend his vertebrae, but he soon recovered and dug his scapula into Short's ribs. That made him mad, so he grabbed Auld by the arm, near the end of the radius, and with his other hand knocked out two of his incisors and one bicuspid. The fight was won.

There was a young fellow called Greig—  
 This is true, so believe me, I beg!  
     He made eyes at some guys;  
     Those not noticed heaved sighs.  
 Oh that friendly and handsome young Greig.

About that heading of ours. Doesn't it make you heave a mighty sigh and think solemn thoughts? Oh my! I thought it would!

My pen in hand  
 (Can't use my foot)  
 I sit and think (?)  
 How hard it is  
 To write up notes  
 For Form I I I B,  
 Where nothing happens  
 That's worth mentioning.  
 As I had to fill space  
 I wrote this junk,  
 Which is half true;  
 So if you'll give  
 This stuff a laugh -  
 I'll thank you !

---

Boy (sitting on fence, to farmer)  
 "What is your cow eating?"

Farmer: "Why corn my boy."

Boy: Oh! I've often wondered how they made  
 corned-beef."

N.T.N.

---

Jones: Is that right that a burglar broke in  
 and stole your clock with your dog in  
 the room.?

Smith: Oh! Yes but he's only a watch dog,  
 don't you know.

N.T.N



## Tale of Two Bits

Contributed by Mr. Hawkins

Strictly speaking, my history commences on the day I was struck off down at the Mint on Sussex Street when I emerged bright and shiny, also a trifle warm, from the dies. But of course I remember some events previous to that, and if you have time before closing the till, I will relate a few of my adventures.

It seems that I first came to light at a silver Town, which, they tell me contains hundreds of miners and the highest paid amateur hockey team in the district. However, I was sent to the Mint, in bar form you understand, along with other bars and guarded by armed express men.

The Mint was no fun at all. We were melted and rolled, cooled and cut up, stamped and hardened, milled, and so flung from one machine to another that I quite lost my breath. In fact I fully resolved to take no further interest in the process, when the final inspector said - "Well, this batch is finished - let's go and eat." As I was the last in leaving his hand he said "So long little two bits", which I did not understand. Later while in circulation, I was generally referred to as a quarter, but the first name seemed more friendly, so I adopted it.

After the inspector had left, two women approached the tray where thousands of us quarters were spread out and began to count us, and shove us into tin containers. I judged them from their conversation about "dates" that evening with certain persons named George and Bert, and gathered that Bert was a frightful hero, earning anywhere up to \$20.00 per week, and that he had the loan that night of a 1916 Henry. Then the tiresome creatures had a row about the back seat or something or other - the Henry I suppose - though why women should fight for any back seat beats me. They were Wrigley fans, take it from me, and the faster they talked, the faster they chewed, till it sounded like a scrap I once saw between two puppies at Bonaventure Station. At last they finished with us, marked our container "Neutral Bank", and next morning I woke at about ten minutes to nine in a teller's cage uptown.

This teller was a simple kind of a chap - commonly found in Banks, you know - but as it was he who pushed me out into the world and really started me on my travels, it is unfair to be too critical. He was telling some other clerks an adventure of the previous night, in which he had saved some girl, a stranger to him of course, from being knocked down by a passing car. The ledger-keeper who had a Nearly - Ready sport suit and a pimped chin, asked if she was a "looker". The teller rose to new heights of eloquence. "Looker" he bawled "I'll bet every time that kid steps on a street-car, the advertising is a total loss, see!" Could knight of chivalry be more gallant.

I lay around the cage for a time, and shortly after the Bank opened, a commercial traveller blew in: Clothes - oh boy!! At first glance he looked like something from the house of Smart, Laughter and Barks, but a closer inspection revealed that he had probably been upstairs and saved ten. If he saved any more on the deal, they must have given him the suit and thrown in a goodbye kiss. The teller grew chatty at once. "Hello Spoo!"

he hailed "how about it - have you kidded yourself into a job or onto the street?" Spoof raised a flabby pink hand on which sparkled a Woolworth diamond, and cackled heavily, - "Say, I got a real man's job of work—Montreal—forty per cent commission selling Christmas cards and Valentines, and I feel like a million bucks." But to me he looked more like a million roubles, namely, thirty cents and going down. He wanted all silver for a \$2.00 cheque. I was one of the victims.

It would tire you to tell of the journey to Montreal, but finally I landed in the Windsor. What's that - no, no, no, not the Station. What the - beg pardon, what would I be doing there. You said it - the other Windsor. You know the big room off the rotunda, - well, in there, where a lad waves a paw and says "Black Horse", but they don't show him one; or hollers "Export", and seems tickled to death to import it instead. Great place, but I got dizzy moving round so fast, and finally an oldish johnny with a face like a setting sun picks me up, saying to his friend "Poshi - poshitively no more", and starts up the street for a bowling alley. I wound up a big day at a show. I didn't see any films, but all I missed was Wally Reid in "Two miles to go and Nobody Home" and Mary Pickford in "Simple Sal or Orphaned on a Million". Anyhow, I slept in the Treasurer's safe till Bank hours next day, and soon was in the giddy whirl of life again.

I passed in succession through the hands of a doctor, a street car conductor, a stevedore on Dock No. 7 down in the harbor, then uptown once more to Wienie and Pretzel's fire-sale. One day I was in the Recorder's Court via the pocket of an old guy who had been pulled for exposing rotten cabbage for sale. It seems he broke some Pure Food by-law and he would not have been caught, had he not thrown a cabbage at a neighbor. Just then a cop, doing his daily sleep-walking act, rambled round the corner and traced the odor to the right store. Old whiskers, the cabbage king, wept all over the Court, but was soaked \$2.00 fine and \$3.25 costs. I was the 25c. so I stayed the rest of the day in Court, and oh brother, some of the things I heard - but of course I don't understand foreign lingo.

Shall I go on? Now, I have been with some rough citizens, but I was always glad to leave them. Of course I picked up some slang - only natural, being just a young feller, born this year you might say. Maybe I am not much account, but I have plenty of fun and keep my dignity. Refined - that's me.

After leaving Court and going several places, I turned up in a Chink laundry. The sprinkler system was going strong that day on shirts, and one of the help dropped a flat iron on his foot. Did that boy chatter? I'll tell the cock eyed world he did. The racket was like a kid sliding downstairs on a tin tray, or a million crackers going off in the family ash can. Perhaps he's talking yet—glad me no savvy. From there via diverse hands I went to Strathcona Hall at McGill, then over to a place they call the Pi Pi Fraternity. Why two pies? You can search me.

They told me that it was two Greek letters, but that must be wrong because the place wasn't so dead as that. Why, half those rah-rah boys were sitting pretty in a poker battle, two ukeles and a correspondence-school tenor were murdering a ditty in three different keys, and upstairs in one of the freshmen's rooms I saw some pictures — er — um — well, art is a great thing isn't it? Nice boys too—but as I was about to say, after the double Pi experience I drifted down to Bonaventure Station, where the pup-fight was pulled off that I referred to some time back.

At the station I was grabbed by a hick bound for Ste. Hyacinthe. Fair enough place

they tell me, but between ourselves you wouldn't go there unless you had to— one of those places, I mean, which is on the map because there is nowhere else for it to park. Follow me?

However this hick looked as though he deserved it all. Maybe he had a wife there, not that I want to knock marriage or anything like that. Anyhow he gets extravagant on the train, and the news agent carries me along into Sherbrooke. What are you laughing at? This place isn't my fault either, is it?

A couple of tedious days—no life at all—brought me finally into the possession of young Cartwright, a kid of 14 or so whose lid was a little round cap and who belonged to a School in the vicinity. At this school place he went by the name of "Spud", though I often heard him referred to as a niner, whatever that may be. Perhaps it is a kind of game and he made the team. Anyhow he didn't play anything while I was with him. Come to think of it though, one evening Spud stood sort of bent over while another boy in the same dormitory counted nine, and Spud didn't walk so free and easy for a day or two. Cramped his action, so to speak.

Now I am afraid you will think this yarn has a poor ending, no proper climax. But I can't help that, these are things just as they happened since I left the Mint, and that brings me right down to the present. Spud hung onto me like glue for about a week, though I could tell that he was itching to spend me. He could not make up his mind what he wanted most. At last, on Saturday morning - three days ago - he ambled down to the tuck shop, looked over the stock, scratched his head, stood first on one foot, then on the other, and finally said,—"All I got is two bits, just a little old quarter". I was shaking with excitement in his pocket when he burst out "Gimme, oh let's see, gimme a bag of salt-ed peanuts" Can you beat that? I'm small, but I've got feelings. Pride - that's me. But peanuts!!! — well I leave it to you.

What, you must be going? Alright sir, close the till, hope I didn't bore you. Now for a nice nap. So long.

Down to the beach went Sam and Mollie,  
The sand was warm to Sam and  
"Hot Tomalie".

Mrs. Puff—(to new maid) "But Alice there  
are only two in the family, why  
have you set places for three?"

New Maid—"But ma'am the cook told me  
that you had a piano player in  
the house."

Worried looking youngman—(to registrar's  
clerk) "Are you sure that was a  
marriage license you gave me?"

Clerk—"Yes. Why?"

W.L.Y.M.—"Well I've lived a dog's life  
ever since."

## School Calendar, 1922.

---

- Sept. 14. School re-opened to-day.
- “ 15. Studies are started.
- “ 18. Football started for everybody.
- Oct. 7. Concert is held for the benefit of School Magazine.
- “ 14. Meeting of B.C.S. Debating Society.
- “ 18. First football match vs Sherbrooke High School. Won 50-0.
- “ 20. First and Second Teams depart for Montreal.
- “ 21. First team match against Ashbury. Played in Montreal Won 21-1.  
Second team match against St. Albans in Montreal. Won 34-0.
- “ 23. Match against Montreal High School, played in Montreal. Won 11-2.  
Teams returned same day.
- “ 27. Half-holiday to celebrate winning of games in Montreal.
- “ 28. L.C.C. Senior and Intermediate Football teams arrive  
L.C.C. Senior game lost 9-6.  
“ Intermediate game lost 13-0.
- Nov. 1. School 3rd team played Sherbrooke High School team. Lost 11-1.
- “ 4. Played Westmount High School Seniors at Lennoxville. Won 21-1.
- “ 6. School played Old Boys team. Won 4-1.  
Prize Giving.  
Play given by Dramatic Club.
- “ 11. First team played L.C.C. in Montreal. Lost 9-0.
- “ 13. First moving picture show given by Camera Club.
- “ 15. 2nd team played S.H.S. Seniors at Sherbrooke. B.C.S. 12, S.H.S. 10.
- “ 22. Football pictures taken.
- “ 24. Basketball started.
- Dec. 20. School breaks up.





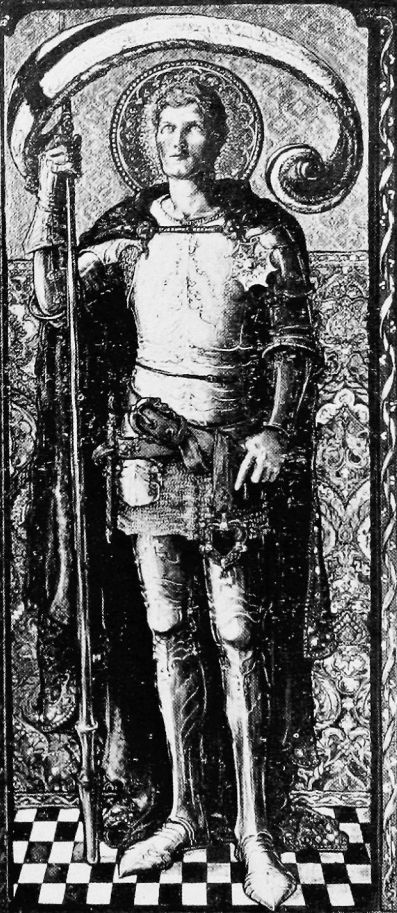
his tablet is placed  
here in honour  
of the boys of  
Bishop's College  
Preparatory School  
who gave their lives  
in the service of their  
King and Country  
A.D. 1914-1918

Fuller of faith than of  
fears Fuller of  
resolution than of  
patience Fuller  
of honour than of years

Hugh Allan  
R Cecil Doucet  
Eric Graham  
Donald S Gwyn  
Kenneth doHusband  
E V Tremonger  
Maurice F Jaques  
J Hewitt Laird  
Charles S Martin  
Lennox Robertson  
Allan Routledge  
Harold A Scott  
Edward A Whitehead  
Gerald Wilkinson



Recti. cul-  
tus pectora  
roborant



Divus Georgius Christianorum militum pugator.

Sons of Great Britain  
forget it not there be  
things such as Love  
and Honour and the Soul  
of Man which cannot be  
bought with a price and  
which do not die with Death

Time may all our roses shatter  
Life run dry that now runs rare;  
Service, Sacrifice and Courage,  
Shall steel us when souls lie bare.

## Preparatory School Notes.

---

After a most enjoyable summer holiday, we returned in September to take up our abode in new quarters situated at the north end of the splendid buildings erected by Mr. J.K.L.Ross.

We found ourselves most comfortably housed, everything possible having been done to make us so.

It is indeed a very great pleasure to all of us, to see the Upper School enjoying, as they cannot fail to do, our old quarters, also we reap many advantages from their proximity, football matches, theatricals, concerts and many other things almost too many to enumerate. Hallow'een and Thanksgiving have been two most enjoyable events in our school term.

The following are items of our outdoor activities :-

### FOOTBALL.

Of last year's team the following "Old Colours" were available; K. S. Grant, D. Johnston, W. J. W. Smith and H. M. Silver. After two weeks steady training our first match was played on September 30th, against the "Prep Old Boys", four of whom were on our last year's team. After an evenly contested game we were defeated 2-0.

This defeat was followed by two matches against a team from Sherbrooke High School. Both games were played on our own ground, the final scores being 4-0 and 6-2 in favour of our visitors. The opposing team was undoubtedly the stronger.

Our first victory was gained on Oct. 26th, in a return match against the "Prep Old Boys". Score 2-0.

This year the annual match against Selwyn House took place, on our own ground, on the morning of Saturday Nov. 4th., and resulted in a win for the School by 8 goals to nil. The game was not so one-sided as the score would indicate, as the chief weakness of our opponents was lack of combination among the forwards.

Up to the present the following new colours have been awarded; J.P.Cleghorn, E. Rocksborough-Smith, H.H. Smith and H. B. Richardson.

The thanks of the school are due to W. N. Lobb, Esq., for his kindness in acting as referee in our matches.

Runs and paper chases played a large part in the training of the school. The runs were, in each case, to the Q.C.R. trestle and back: a distance of roughly three miles. The winner on each occasion was K.S. Grant, his best time being 25 minutes.

## HE'S SO DUMB

- He thinks a dry dock is one who refuses to give prescriptions.
- He thinks Dublin Ireland makes it twice as large.
- He thinks Seattle, Washington is one of George's descendants.
- He thinks a cured ham is a retired actor.
- He thinks a beef trust is a charge account at the butcher's shop.
- He thinks the Liberty Bell is a bachelor girl.
- He thinks plug tobacco is good for horses.
- He thinks "shaving mugs" is a barber's business.
- He thinks they sell phonograph music in the "Hall of Records"
- He thinks the Solar Plexus is a new planet.
- He thinks a rugby fan goes by electricity.
- He thinks the Epistles are wives of the Apostles.
- He thinks "Sandy Hook" is a Scotchman.
- He thinks the Yale Bowl is a new kind of basin.
- He thinks the Safety Rouge is a new kind of waterproof lip  
stick.

---

Selected at random, from a pile of delightfully unpublishable contributions, as an example of bad rhyme, and incidentally, impudence.

He is short, but he isn't skinny,  
 He comes from Ireland; his name is Jimmy,  
 He likes to give drill to boys who are naughty  
 His favourite quantum is just about forty.

C -- gr -- n.

M -- L - r - n.

*STOP PRESS!*

Waiter (Adams)—"Is Mr. Shoot coming in to breakfast sir?

Y. —"Mr. Who !!!

Waiter—"Shoot, sir; Is he off?"

Y. —"Oh yes; shot off by last night's train."



Teacher—(after giving the class a lesson on snow) "And should we go out on a winter's day what should we see on every hand?"

Small boy—"Gloves."

Visitor—"So you say you cannot pay the rent. Is it owing to your husband's unemployment?"

Mrs. Higgins—"No, mum, its owing to the landlord."

You should have seen Helen run that quarter mile.

What did she run it in?

Darned if I know what you call 'em.

Mrs. Banks—"Horrors ! While sister was sleeping baby licked all the paint.

Banks—"What, off the chair ?

Mrs. Banks—"No, off sister."

John—"Yes sir, I've been out of work for a month, but I got a bit of a job last Sunday and earned five bob.

Parson—"Why, John you broke the Sabbath."

John—"Well sir one of us 'ad to be broke."

Jones—(Phoning) "I want a box for two."

Voice—at other end) "But we don't keep boxes for two."

Jones—"Why aren't you the box office of His Majesty's?"

Voice—"No, you must have the wrong number. We're Graves, the undertakers."

Did you as an artist tell that new-rich blighter he had well cut features.

Yes. But he probably did it while eating peas.

Old Lady—"Now my little man, do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday?"

Good little man—"Yes mum, farther up the canal ; but you can't go 'cos girls ain't allowed."



Father (to son who has just returned from school) "Well!"

Son : - "Well Dad, I've been studying, Latin, French, German, Algebra and Euclid.

Father : - Very well, just give me the Euclid for "Good Morning" J.J.

1 st. Commuter (Seeing friend running down street) Say, there, what are you doing, training for the race?

2 nd. Commuter (exhausted) No d - - n it I'm racing for the train.

Master : - Who is Rex Beach?

Scholar : - Search me, I thought it was a summer resort.

### A Long Shot.

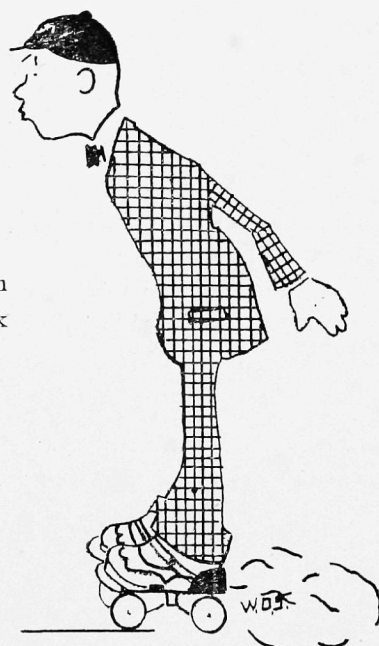
Fond Parent : - You heard my daughter sing ! What do you think of her range?

Returned Gunner : - I should say she ought to kill at 3 miles. N.T.N.

Peter says : - He knew a girl once who was so modest she wouldn't even do improper fractions.

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learning?" asked a hesitating young man of a rink instructor.

"The Floor," answered the attendant.



## One Glorious Day.

Picture to yourself a large, oblong room with a light wooden partition erected across one end, a row of beds on two opposite sides of the room, each bed having a chair beside it on which reposes an untidy pile of clothes, while in the middle of each bed there is a mound suggestive of a buried occupant, and several bureaux scattered along the walls. Add to this the sounds of light snores, and you see before you - a B.C.S. dormitory at the early hour of 7.25 a.m.

"Whizz! Zing!" "The D---! There goes the second bell", and several sleepy forms tumble out of bed, get into their slippers, and, towel and toilet articles in hand, enter the "wing" for the morning ablutions.

Fifteen minutes later there is a busy scene of boys dressing, only disturbed when the Head comes on his morning round of the dormitories to wake up Smith 1 and others who like bed too well in the morning.

At 7.50, another bell rings, announcing that it is time for all good boys to attend morning roll and prayers. Everybody walks over to the Dining Hall building and mounts the stairs to the Assembly Hall above, where the Prefect on Duty calls the roll and prayers are read by the Headmaster. When this is over the hungry crowd troops in to breakfast.

Breakfast over, three quarters of an hour elapses before morning school. From nine o'clock until eleven there is School, which, I suppose, there is no need to describe, as it is too well known to all. From 11 o'clock to 11.15 there is "Middle break", a recess during which stationery may be got from the Book-room or the Tuck shop patronized.

Classes are resumed and continue until 12.45, between which time and 1 o'clock most boys make themselves presentable for dinner. This meal is the main one at B. C. S. and is a very good one usually — especially on Friday when lovers of "brain-food" have a rare treat!

After dinner there is half-an-hour in which to get the air before afternoon school. During this interval comes the most-looked-forward-to event of the day at B.C.S., the mail. When one particular fellow gets more mail than the others think proper, he is usually assailed by all manner of yells that are hurled his way.

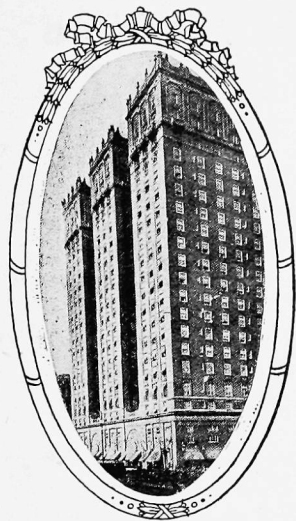
Afternoon school ends at 3.45 and then comes that fateful moment --- the reading of the punishment drill list.

Then follow the afternoon creases in their season; this term football.

Supper is served at 6 p. m. and after that there is a delightful do-as-you-please hour. Some practise for the next concert, others disappear from the school for a little while, while the majority loaf. At 7.30 p.m. Prep. begins. For the lower forms it ends at 9, and they then toddle up to bed; for the Sixth and Fifth, however, it continues an hour, and an hour and a half longer, respectively.

These sleepy workers, in their turn, mount the stairs to seek their well-earned rest. After conversing in drowsy tones for a few minutes, they fall asleep, one by one, and snore undisturbed (as I fear my poor reader is doing) until morning. Peace reigns over B.C.S. Thus ends One Glorious Day.

Montgomery I.



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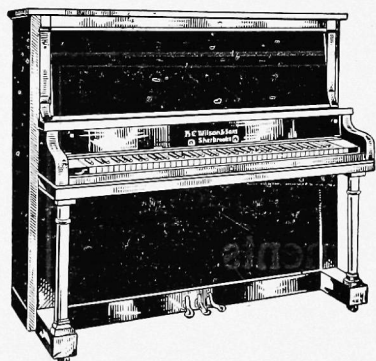
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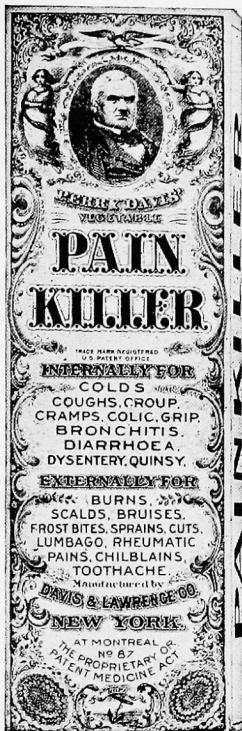
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